DUPLICATE

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KRUSHCHEV REPLIES TO RUSSELL

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Mr Krushchev's Letter

WHAT should be the response of rational men to the remarkable reply to Bertrand Russell which Mr Krushchev has sent us for publication this week? The simplest and craziest answer is to echo Mr Dulles who refuses all talk with the Russians. A saner line at this week's meeting of Nato was taken by the Norwegians and the Danes. They actually wished, before increasing armaments, let alone accepting nuclear bases on their soil, to look for anything in the latest notes from Premier Bulganin which might lessen the ghastly tension between the American and the Soviet governments.

In the last of Mr Kennan's broadcast appeals for reason and common sense he begged the world's statesmen not to assume that there is no 'kernel of sincerity' in these Russian letters. Of course, there is a propagandist element in all such publicised documents. If the desire were to start an argument instead of a settlement, we could remind Mr Krushchev that Soviet policy has not always been based on peaceful co-existence. Mr Krushchev himself, at the 20th Congress, referred to Stalin's 'reckless' foreign policy. We could add some remarks about Hungary —and provoke a retort about Suez or Algeria. We could point out that in the last stages of the disarmament conference, it was the Russians that broke it up. If we were foolish enough, we could take his remarks about the destruction of Britain in a war as a threat instead of a statement of cold fact. But to what end? The only thing that matters about these Soviet letters is that they seem to reflect a sincere desire to stop the drift to catastrophe.

We can pick holes in Mr Krushchev's argument; we can express our detestation of much in the Soviet regime. But to reply merely by piling up armaments and doling out nuclear weapons is to choose suicide. When Mr Krushchev asks that the superiority of the two world systems be proved 'not on the field of battle, but in peaceful competition for progress', he is issuing an honest challenge, based upon his profound belief in the superiority of Communism over the Western forms of government. And the corollary of this belief is that the Soviet Union is not, as the Pentagon seems to imagine, planning a Pearl Harbour, to be unleashed the moment its military superiority becomes decisive. The vast Russian expenditure on weapons, and their desperate efforts to achieve a technological lead in the race, are prompted by a deep-rooted fear of the West.

Hence, though there is little chance that Russia, any more than the West, will forthwith submit to a controlled disarmament agreement which effectively robs both of the power to 'deter' aggression by either, there are strong grounds for believing that Russia is not only willing, but anxious, to limit the areas of military peril. For this reason, we believe that Mr. Krushchev is sincere when he endorses the new Polish plan for 'nuclear disengagement' in Central Europe; though it will not end the arms race, it will, by reducing tensions, mute the fears which supply its dynamic.

The Polish proposal can provide a foot in the door to peaceful co-existence. But, Mr Krushchev goes on to insist, a subsequent political settlement can only be based on a mutual recognition of the *status quo*. What, in practice, does this mean? It means, as Mr Kennan urges, the final abandonment of 'roll-back', the concept—now seen to be nonsense —that Nato can be built up to such overwhelming military strength that the West can ultimately impose its own political terms. It means that the West must treat Russia not as an aggressive outlaw, but as a stable world power.

Here, already, is a meeting-point for new summit talks: for the basis of successful diplomacy is a combination of specific and practical proposals, with a mutual recognition of each other's rights and interests. There is no doubt that such talks are widely desired. Most people in this country, whatever their estimate of Soviet intentions, prefer the drone of conversation to the whine of H-bombers overhead. But such talks will certainly fail if the West undertakes them in order to demonstrate Soviet insincerity. 'I would go to any length,' said Mr Macmillan on Monday, 'to prove our sincerity'. This is political warfare, not diplomacy: the object of diplomacy is not to authenticate virtues but to achieve settlements.

Comments on the Week's News

Mr Mintoff Out and In

Responsibility for the (temporary) resignation of Mintoff lay more heavily on the shoulders of the British government than with the Admiralty section of the General Workers' Union. It is the shabby treatment accorded to the Maltese government by certain British Ministers that led Dom Mintoff to this act of wearied desperation. The Maltese Prime Minister did not need to be told that he had the complete confidence of the dockyard workers. He has always been their champion and accepted as the one man who could safeguard their future. Yet every few months for the past two years he has been forced to come to London and haggle for the resources needed to build a Maltese economy which could face reduced dependence on the dockyard and find alternative means of life for its workers. Each time he has returned home he has been unable to give a clear account of the negotiations to his people because the British Cabinet would not make positive decisions either on integration or on economic development. This, of course, is only one further example of the damage constantly being done to the Commonwealth by the policy of the British Treasury. The Chancellor is now making the work of the Colonial Office and the Commonwealth Relations Office quite impossible. The priority he gives to balanced budgets over the need for investment in development is destroying Britain's position in the Commonwealth. But Mr Mintoff's resignation could only please the opponents of integration: on Tuesday he had second thoughts and withdrew it. His action is a warning.

The Growth of Government

The Growth of Government (PEP 2s. 6d.) is a valuable contribution to the study of the most characteristic problem of modern political science – how can we assert social responsibility in all the many fields where we now demand it without at the same time creating a bureaucratic machine which is remote from democratic control or too complex for efficiency? This broadsheet disposes quickly and conclusively of the myth so beloved in popular newspapers and the Tory Central Office that there has been a unwarrantable proliferation of bureaucrats: on the contrary, when the increase over the past 50 years 'is compared with increased functions that are now carried out an impression of remarkable economy is gained'. How many of these increased functions, then, are essential and how can we subject the machine to effective outside control? The PEP researchers have usefully summarised the extraordinary variety of organisation and accountability which now exists in our public institutions from the government office to the Racecourse Betting Control Board. Yet, for all the variety, they paint a picture of a comparatively small middle-class community of over-worked officials drawing advice and guidance from a comparatively narrow circle of experts and special interests. This is an element in the Establishment which is not nearly well enough documented: who, for instance, are the individuals who sit on the 700 or so committees advising the central government, whose existence Lord Attlee confirmed in 1949? Round how many separate ministerial conference tables are to be found the same convex waistcoats and bloodshot eyes? The greatest need is to reduce the number of bureaucratic tasks, not by reducing the field of social responsibility but by studying the operating techniques of the welfare state so that effective control can be exercised at key points with the minimum use of men and paper.

Confessions in Ulster

We have just seen a copy of a very alarming document published by the Irish Republican Publicity Bureau. Last August, a Northern Irish Policeman, Sergeant Ovens, was killed in a terrorist explosion in County Tyrone. Scores of suspects were arrested. Four of them, who are now held in pre-trial detention in Belfast Jail – no charges have yet been preferred against them – allege that they were tortured until they agreed to sign statements prepared by the police. They say they were kept without food, questioned continuously by relays of three men, beaten with fists, punched in the stomach and face, caught by the hair and their heads banged against the wall. This was at Dungannon Barracks. Later they were removed to Belfast, questioned and, according to their own account, beaten throughout the night. Cocked revolvers were placed against their stomachs, throats and temples, handkerchiefs were twisted round their necks, and a cloth soaked in a foul-smelling liquid pushed against their faces while their noses were held; they were also beaten on the head and body with rubber truncheons. Worn out by this treatment, and lack of food and sleep, they eventually confessed. Colonel Topping, the Northern Ireland Home Affairs Minister, recently stated that since 12 December 1956, 49 terrorists had been convicted and sentenced to a total of 272 years' imprisonment; and the IRPB claims that most of these convictions were obtained by the methods described here. We do not know whether its claims are correct. But we are all aware that some very unpleasant things go on in Northern Ireland, and here, it seems, is a *prima facie* case for an independent inquiry.

More For the Tate?

In their annual report, published this week, the Trustees of the Tate Gallery announce that they are asking for a rise over last year of £132,500. At a luncheon last week Sir John Rothenstein, the Director, explained his reasons. It is the responsibility of the Tate to provide (among other things) a representative collection of twentieth-century art; but the sum which the gallery is granted each year to keep the collection up to date has never risen above a standard figure of £7,500. This is hardly adequate to keep abreast of modern British painting and sculpture, where the prices are comparatively low. But when it comes to the School of Paris, for instance, it is simply ludicrous, and the gallery has fallen badly behind. For instance, to be truly representative, it needs both an important Matisse and an important late Braque. The cost of either would be in the region of £25,000. A good Picasso or Léger would cost anything from £10-15,000. Prices like these have prevailed since the war. From time to time the gallery has been given the chance of good purchases on very favourable terms: but out of its mere £7,500 it has not had the money to snap them up. £100,000 as a lump sum to catch up with deficiences and £40,000 a year as a purchasing grant, Sir John insists, is a reasonable demand. We still refuse to face the fact which other nations faced long ago, that, if our various art ventures are to be carried out on a scale worthy of a great people, they will have to be properly subsidised.

Indonesian Army Control

One after the other, rumours spread in Amsterdam (and far too often repeated by the BBC) have proved false. Sukarno was dead. Sukarno was deposed. A triumvirate was set up. Much of it, as Sukarno told journalists in a belated press conference, was just wishful thinking. The Indonesian censorship is also to blame for the lack of accurate information. In fact, Sukarno's planned tour to Rome, Paris and Latin-American countries is cancelled, and he has agreed to take a rest, presumably in India. Dr Sartono will hold the post of acting President in his absence. The demand for West Irian will not change, but the moderate, strongly anti-Communist forces in the government and in the outer islands (especially Sumatra) will have more power. Sukarno's personality and his concessions to the Communists in Java had the effect of increasing their influence. The Army is in control and favours the return of Hatta to a leading place in the government. General Nasution has now issued an instruction forbidding the further taking over of Dutch firms and enterprises anywhere in the country, and where they have been taken over he will draw up necessary regulations. Presumably with the idea of making Dutch or other ships trespassers, the government has now claimed sovereignty over all the waters between Indonesia's islands. Foreign Minister Subandrio has repeated his willingness to negotiate, but only on the subject of West Irian.

Hampstead's Civic Centre

A controversy about a new civic centre for Hampstead might at first sight seem an ideal subject for an Ealing comedy. Yet this is a matter of considerable public interest beyond the borough, since the site at Swiss Cottage is one of the inner gates of London. The borough planning committee had originally drawn up a list of five architects to design new civic buildings, but it was unable to agree whether the style should be 'contemporary' or 'traditional'. This question was then to be referred to the full council; a snap decision might have gone in favour of the traditionalists. The planning committee has thought again, and it is now considering whether it will hold an open competition – a procedure that may be a little more costly, but is much more likely to yield original designs. A competition seems a sensible solution, and it would be even more sensible if it could be extended from the limited problem of the civic buildings to the treatment of the site as a whole. For this site has to be replanned in any case, to cope with the new traffic plan for the complex junction at Swiss Cottage, and to match the heavy blocks of the new flats and the Odeon cinema which have been built already. A mixed development of new flats, a civic building which provides offices, council chamber, assembly hall, swimming baths and public library, and an adequate car park, would be a challenging project for any architect.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Cardiff

No Parity With Scotland

It is no wonder that the principal reaction here to the appointment of a Minister of State for Welsh Affairs should be shocked astonishment. Hadn't the Council of Wales recommended a year ago that there should be parity with Scotland, that is the creation of a Secretary of State devoting himself exclusively to things Welsh with a full-blown Welsh Office? Didn't the pro-government *Western Mail* lend its enthusiastic support? Surely the Prime Minister's tardiness in making his announcement could only mean that the scheme was taking some time to work out in detail? There, in the mind's eye, it stood, a Welsh Whitehall in Cardiff's pleasant park, the Red Dragon fluttering to some purpose.

Instead, an assistant has been provided for Mr Henry Brooke, who will continue to combine Welsh Affairs with Housing and Local Government. The Nationalists, naturally, are disgusted. Most Labour MPs are critical. The press is hostile. Only in the Conservative Party is reaction favourable and that was to be expected since the new Minister is the party's area chairman.

Yet the White Paper, which takes the form of a letter from the Prime Minister to Alderman H. T. Edwards, the chairman of the Council of Wales – who, in his capacity of citizen, has lately been urging the need for a Welsh parliament – contains a great deal that is reasonable. It makes a sound case for treating Wales differently from Scotland, pointing out that in its legal system, land tenure, geography and economic structure Wales differs less from England than does Scotland. It recommends a number of small means to a greater degree of self-determination, like strengthening Ministries in Wales; and leaves the door open to further gentle concessions. Considered alongside government statements in the past it is positively nationalist. And really, the government cannot be blamed if they select a little-known man as Minister. How many Conservatives in Wales are well known? In fact, the only thing wrong with the statement is that it does not create a Secretary for State and establish a Welsh Office. It commits the fundamental error of giving what seems administratively desirable instead of what people want.

As a result, forecasts are being made that the statement will become a political battleground. Who will do the fighting is less clear. From the Nationalist point of view, it simply throws new light on the enemy's true colours. The Labour Party, for all the situation's possibilities of polemic, will need to be careful unless it firmly intends to create a Welsh Office. The Conservatives are unlikely to be troubled: opinion favouring a Secretary of State can scarcely grow any stronger and if they feel they can ignore it now they cannot be losing any sleep over Wales.

The more likely consequence is that the Welsh Establishment will lose faith in the government. Since it is on this level that a Secretary of State is most desired – rather than, for instance, among the Labour rank-and-file – it is on this level that the government can expect trouble. One thing is certain: the Prime Minister's sweet reasonableness will in no way diminish the demand for parity with Scotland which it may yet be Labour's task to meet.

W. John Morgan

New Delhi

Compromise With the Nagas

A Correspondent writes: The Indian Government, on 1 December, created a separate administrative unit for the Naga Hills District and the Tuensang division of the North-East Frontier Agency in Assam. This is the farthest-reaching step that New Delhi has so far taken to meet the situation created by the terrorist movement in Nagaland for complete independence and separation from the Republic of India. The new move takes the government a long and difficult way towards striking a workable compromise with the Nagas. Complete independence from India has, of course, been dismissed as 'a midsummer night's dream'; and the Naga leaders who met recently at a convention in Kohima themselves agreed that such independence, even if it came, could not for long be maintained. Nagaland is a very small area, and is almost completely undeveloped. With a population of less than 350,000, it has neither the human nor the material resources needed for its development. The Kohima convention, recognising the force of these factors as also the traditional links binding the Nagas with Assam, amended the tribal demand from complete independence to autonomy within the Indian Union. The new unit now set up is the outcome of negotiations based on this conference.

The Bill creating the unit found unanimous support in Parliament, and was backed even by the Communists. It provides for an additional Naga seat in the Union Parliament, where the tribe already has three representatives, who will be sought to be retained to prevent separation from becoming complete. Finally, the unit has been removed from the purview of the Home Minister and placed under the Ministry for External Affairs – a perhaps unwise transfer which, though explained away officially as being in the interests of 'administrative convenience', may be found at some later stage to develop unfortunate political implications. For Nagaland is not the only hill district in Assam with aspirations of larger local autonomy, which, indeed, the government is already preparing to meet. If the new Naga unit is interpreted in these areas as in any way starting a chain of separatism from Assam, the state would clearly be heading for disintegration. Apart from anything else that might happen, the fear of such a prospect, if it developed, would set off the greatest possible hostility in the Assam government itself towards the central government. As it is, the present compromise with the Nagas has not been achieved without an insistent appeal by the centre to the goodwill of the state authorities and, happily, their response to it.

The immediate effect of the new administrative innovation in Nagaland will be eagerly watched. Everyone hopes that the bold policy of conciliation which the new unit marks will bring peace to this violence-ridden tribal area. To promote this by-no-means-unlikely prospect, the government has proclaimed a general amnesty. Initially, the terrorists are replying with a fresh spurt of violence; but that may turn out to be nothing worse than a sign of desperation – the storm, so to speak, before the calm.

Westminster

Eggheads and Biceps

Mr R. H. S. Crossman habitually excites more comment among his Parliamentary colleagues than any other MP, except possibly Mr Aneurin Bevan. Ideas fly from him like sparks; and he chases them, in print and in talk, with such abandoned energy that nobody near him can remain lethargic. Some are stimulated to fresh thoughts of their own. Others are provoked into renewed exasperation – for those who may at the best of times be suspicious of ideas come near to frenzy when, after listening on Monday to a brilliant and passionate exposition of something, they find themselves listening on Tuesday to a brilliant and passionate exposition of what seems to be the opposite. His friends see no more in this than a Crossman habit of testing an idea by rubbing it against other people's brains. But some of his acquaintances, not altogether reluctantly, take it as further evidence that he is an unstable intellectual. So, from time to time, he has become the flashpoint for animosity between those labelled trade unionists and those labelled middle-class intellectuals. From the unofficial and mainly misleading accounts which have reached the papers about his latest conflict with his colleagues, one would guess that he has done it again.

Certainly a little of the old combustible material is still lying about in the Parliamentary Labour Party. There are still a few who regard controversy, not as a stimulant, but as an unnecessary and aggravating interference with the routine passing of time. Others, who spend long morning hours in the unspectacular but vital work of com-

The Dullest Comic Strip **By Vicky**

mittees, resent the fact that some of their colleagues avoid this burden in order to earn what in this context is usually called 'lucre' from the capitalist press. Their resentment is not diminished when these colleagues eventually arrive at the House full of fire and keep the government awake until after the last bus has gone. There are, too, some who, deep down, resent colleagues who come from the middle class. Although a man like Crossman, when head boy at Winchester, was publicly supporting the General Strike in 1926 and has been a continuously active member of the party since 1931, they will say of him that 'he has no feet in the movement'. In moments of stress, these feelings come to the surface and the words middle-class, intellectual, journalist are bandied about as terms of abuse.

It is therefore all the more heartening that in the latest Crossman conflict these feelings have shown themselves so little. A majority of the party considered that Crossman, in his *Daily Mirror* account of some dealings with the Parliamentary Committee, had got essential facts wrong. They censured him accordingly. But there was no feeling of trade union versus intellectual, of working class versus middle class, of even 'right' versus 'left' in this censure. Further, so it seemed to me, a majority of the party, regardless of labels, seemed to endorse Crossman's main contention – that the party as a whole in the House and the Parliamentary Committee in particular was not showing enough fight.

Here, in fact, is the present possible source of division in the party and here, too, is a possible source of almost complete unity. There are those who for tactical reasons want to go slow. By refraining from sharp attitudes and definite decisions, they feel, they may rope in the more timorous floating voters at the next election as well as keeping the next Labour government free from commitments which, in changed circumstances, might be embarrassing. This line would attract anyone who enjoys a quiet life and who confuses loyalty with inertia. But it is becoming increasingly clear that it is supported only by a minority. The signs of restiveness, not only among what remains of the old Left but, far more significant, among the orthodox, are becoming clear.

At first they amounted to little more than individual forays, such as the campaign brilliantly conducted by Mr Bob Mellish against the government veto on a pay rise for health service workers. But now the forays are becoming collective and well organised by a group of members whose origins, experiences and, in some respects, outlook are as widely differing as, say, Mr Charles Pannell, Mr Denis Howell and Mr Neil McDermot. Last week this group directed a penetrating light on the Defence Contracts Bill which the government had expected to get through on the nod. The group was able to show that, as a result of pressures from outside, the Bill as presented to the Commons had become much more favourable to contractors than the similar measure originally introduced in the Lords. Now more and more members are begining to ask why the attack on this and on even more important matters should so often be deployed from the backbenches and so seldom from the Front.

Tom Paine once wrote that it is 'only those that are not in action that feel langour and heaviness; and the best way to rub it off is to turn out and make sure work of it'. The inactivity of the past twelve months has produced languour and frustration. But the members of the new commando group have no time to wonder whether a colleague is sponsored by a trade union or lives in Hampstead or is manœuvring for a job or is earning 'lucre' from the capitalist press. They tend to think of each other simply as competent comrades who want to have a go. When there is real work to do men such as Mellish and Pannell can and do team with Crossman at least as easily as they can team with, say, Mr George Brown. Maybe the Parliamentary committee will now find a moral somewhere in this, and if it does few in the party will have the time even to think of disunity.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Down and Up

THERE will be quite a lot of anxious counting of heads and brooding over net sales as newspapers issue with or without holly leaves their usual messages of Christmas good will to 'all our readers' this week. For the 'all' has been shrinking noticeably for every popular national newspaper during the last two months or so since they put the price up to 2½d on October 7. Average net sales of the *Daily Express*, for instance, have fallen by over 150,000 a day. They were 4,179,000-odd in September, only 4,024,000-odd in November. The hard figures for the others are not, at the time of writing, available. But there seems little doubt that most of them will show at least as big a percentage drop as the *Express* and some of them a considerably bigger one when net sales are published. At 2½d a time, a sizeable section of the newspaper reading public seem to have decided that the moment has come to call it a day and prune their newsagent's bill by cutting out the second or third daily which many got into the habit of buying in the era of small papers. Whether they will be able to sustain this restraint is another matter. Experience suggests that, as with cigarette smoking, once the habit gets hold of you it is very difficult indeed to keep for very long good resolutions to cut down mass newspaper reading. The pattern in previous price rises has invariably been an immediate sales drop followed in most cases by gradual recovery. Whether this will be followed this time no one knows.

As it is, the only ones feeling in the mood for much dancing round Christmas trees at present are those who are concerned with women's magazines. The demand for magazines telling women how to be beautiful, wise, economic and practical shows no signs of diminishing at all. Moreover, whatever may be the case with daily papers in this field appetite continues to feed on itself. Those who buy women's magazines are seldom content with one, or even two. They want the lot – or at any rate enough to provide food for dreams for several days. So vast and unsatisfied is the demand in fact that, although the circulation leaders, *Woman* and *Woman's Own*, have each more than quadrupled their sales since the war, their publishers are both launching new women's weeklies in the New Year – partly to provide eager women readers with more printed matter on which to feast their eyes and imaginations week by week, partly to provide further outlets for the clamouring army of advertisers, whose anxiety to get straight to the heart of women shoppers has now reached such a level as almost to embarrass existing women's weekly magazines which grow more and more swollen in size as the weeks pass. Odhams, proud possessor of *Woman*, the top circulation woman's magazine, decided a short time ago to cash in on this extremely encouraging situation by launching a new weekly, *Woman's Realm*. Naturally this is to be 'not just another woman's magazine. It will bring a new idea – a fresh and practical approach to the daily life, the problems and personal interests of every woman'. 'Planned for the younger women – mostly housewives' – it will make its appearance in February. With the confidence born of experience, Odhams guarantees an initial sale of at least 1,000,000 copies a week for it. It will, in fact, be surprising if it does not soon surpass this modest claim. Advertisers at any rate seem to think so. With the first issue still at least two months off they are rushing to take advantage of the invitation to book space at bargain prices: £600 a page monotone, £900 a page colour as compared with £700 a page monotone and £1,000 a page colour once the paper is on the newsagents' counters. Already more than 400 pages of advertising have been sold and orders are still coming in at the rate of 50 pages a week.

Rising to this challenge, Newnes, which owns the second largest seller among existing women's magazines, *Woman's Own*, has also announced a new entrant in the race for feminine minds and hearts. This is to be called *Woman's Day* and like *Woman's Realm* will carry a pre-publication guarantee of a circulation of at least 1,000,000.

Naturally, like *Woman's Realm*, it too will be different from anything that has preceded it (although not so different as to put any major strain on public taste). It is to be a magazine 'for every woman who takes a pride in her home, her family and her appearance' and especially for the woman 'who seeks not only entertainment and escapism', but 'the practical information which will help her to make the most of her life'. It will cost 5d. a week. *Woman's Realm* will be a penny cheaper.

The third major publisher of popular women's magazines is the Amalgamated Press. It owns 11 of various kinds. So far it has not decided to make them a round dozen. Instead it is proposing to meet the new Odhams and Newnes challenge by reorganising one of its present publications, *Woman's Illustrated*, which is to become a full-colour magazine. The new-look *Woman's Illustrated* will also make its appearance on the bookstalls early in February. Once the New Year gets going, in fact, it looks as if all these 'younger women – mostly housewives' seeking not merely 'entertainment and escapism' but the information 'to make the most of their lives' will be so busy reading that they will have no time for housework.

Those who most mind this trend are the popular magazines. In the third quarter of this year total advertising in magazines was down by nearly 13½ per cent. compared with the third quarter of 1956. When the massive increase in advertising in women's magazines has been taken into account these figures indicate that there has, in fact, been a much more substantial decline in the advertising revenue of most of the general magazines. It can hardly be wondered at that the prospects for 1958 strike somewhat bleakly as they see all this determination to channel still more advertising into the lush market of the women's magazines.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

NEXT WEEK

Next week's **NEW STATESMAN** ***will be published on Tuesday (Christmas Eve) instead of Friday. It will contain a*** 1957 *Christmas Card from* **VICKY** ***and***

A Christmas Sermon

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

Nikita Krushchev Replies to Bertrand Russell

This communication from the First Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union is a reply to the Open Letter from Bertrand Russell published in our issue of 23 November 1957

DEAR LORD RUSSELL

I WAS extremely interested to read your open letter addressed to the President of the United States and to myself. In your letter you touched on the most essential questions of the present international situation, which have for a long time been a matter of deep concern to people throughout the world. We, Soviet people, understand and hold dear the main idea expressed in your letter – to protect mankind from the threat of a war which would be waged with the most terrible weapons of destruction ever known to the world; to safeguard universal peace and prosperity, on the basis of peaceful co-existence between states with different social systems; and, above all, through the normalisation of relations between the Soviet Union and the United States.

Everyone is agreed that if a new world war should break out, it would bring untold suffering to the people. For this reason the chief concern of all people, whatsoever their way of thinking, should be to prevent such a tragic turn of events. Man's reason and conscience cannot be reconciled to such a danger, cannot but rise up against the propaganda churned out day after day, propaganda which is accustoming the nations to the idea of the inevitability of atomic war.

The government and Communist Party of the Soviet Union, expressing the wishes of the peoples of our country, are doing and will do everything possible to prevent the outbreak of a new war. We are convinced that, in the present situation, war is not fatally inevitable, that war can be prevented, if everyone who wants to preserve peace will struggle for it actively and in an organised way.

We were pleased to notice that you support the ending of the arms race which only brings nearer the catastrophe of war. You appeal for an end to the distribution of nuclear weapons, so that the armies of those states which at the present time do not yet possess such weapons will not receive them. Of course, this would be a step forward, especially if you take into account the fact that there exist plans for handing over nuclear weapons to – for example – Western Germany, whose government openly stakes its territorial claims in Europe; and the fact that nuclear weapons, brought in from across the ocean, are being deployed on the territories of West European member states of NATO. These weapons are imposed on these states under the guise of defence against aggression. In reality, the deployment of nuclear weapons on the territories of those countries is a mortal blow to their security, since, if an aggressor breaks the peace, then, in accordance with the inexorable logic of war, shattering retaliatory attacks on the territories of those countries in which atomic weapon bases are situated will be inevitable.

You certainly know that the Soviet Union has frequently come out with a proposal that nuclear weapons should not be deployed beyond the state frontiers of those countries which possess them already; and that, in particular, it has also proposed that the US, Britain and the USSR, should reach an agreement not to deploy their nuclear weapons in either Western or Eastern Germany. For its part, the government of the German Democratic Republic has proposed to the government of the Federal Republic of Germany that they act together so that there shall be neither German nor foreign nuclear weapons on German territory. The Polish and Czechoslovak governments have announced that if agreement is reached between the Federal Republic of Germany and the German Democratic Republic, then, similarly, neither Poland nor Czechoslovakia would produce nuclear weapons or deploy them on their territory. As you can see, the Socialist states are doing everything in their power to prevent further distribution of nuclear weapons. Unfortunately, this has not yet met with a response from the western powers. On the contrary, the two other powers in possession of nuclear weapons – the USA and Britain – are taking every possible step to involve their North American bloc partners still more deeply in the preparations for atomic war.

However, even if we succeeded in preventing the further distribution of nuclear weapons in the world, all this would by no means remove the danger of nuclear war. For, even now, when only three powers have nuclear weapons, this danger is very great. The Soviet Union considers that the danger of atomic war will only be removed finally and completely when the manufacture and use of atomic and hydrogen weapons will have been completely prohibited and the stockpiles destroyed. For almost twelve years now the Soviet government has been demanding such a solution of this question and has made quite a few concrete proposals in the UN in support of these aims. If the western powers would express a sincere desire to end the danger of atomic war, then it would be possible – tomorrow, even – to advance along this path, taking, for a start, such steps as the immediate ending of nuclear weapon tests and renunciation of the use of such weapons. But it must be said straight out that, up to the present, unfortunately, we have not had evidence of any such desire by the American, British or French governments. The fact is that those quarters which formulate the policies of those countries wish to preserve war in their arsenal as a means of securing the aims of their foreign policy.

We, Soviet people, engaged in building Communist society – a social system in which, alongside the achievement of material abundance for all, there will for the first time be the free development of man's spiritual wealth, in all its diversity – we understand particularly well your concern over the criminal policy of militarism, which absurdly wastes society's material resources, which corrupts man morally and which leads to people being brought up in the spirit of fear and hate. It is impossible to be reconciled to such a prospect – all the more so when today the wonderful discoveries of science have given man such immense power over the forces of Nature. Now there really are no limits to the possibilities of transforming Nature's destructive forces, or of using natural resources to ensure the prosperity of all peoples, on the basis of friendly co-operation among the nations.

As a philosopher and humanist, deeply concerned at the abnormality of the present international situation, you understand very well along what lines solution of the present situation must be sought. 'The one thing necessary,' you write, 'is that East and West should recognise their respective rights, admit that each must learn to live with the other and substitute argument for force in the attempt to spread their respective ideologies. It is not necessary that either side should abandon belief in its own creed. It is only necessary that it should abandon the attempt to spread its own creed by force of arms.'

I am ready to lend my name to those words, since they correspond fully to the conception of peaceful co-existence between states with different social systems, upon which our state has based its foreign policy since the first day of the establishment of Soviet power. There is no need to say how glad I would be to hear that your words had met with similar support from the US government.

In order to 'live with the other' – that is in order to ensure peaceful co-existence – both sides must recognise what politicians call the *status quo*, must recognise the existing state of affairs. The right of each country to develop as the people of that country desire must be recognised. The conduct of 'cold war', engaging in threats, aiming at changing state frontiers and interfering in other countries' domestic affairs with the aim of changing their social structure – these things must not be permitted. 'Cold war' and the arms drive will lead to a new and very bloody war.

You are completely right, of course, when you say that one of the chief reasons for the present state of tension in international relations, and for all that is meant by 'cold war', is the abnormal character of the relations between the Soviet Union and the United States of America. The normalisation of these relations, on the rational basis of peaceful co-existence and respect for one another's rights and interests, would beyond a doubt lead to a general improvement in the international situation. The Soviet Union has always tried for just such a normalisation of relations with the United States, and it will continue to do so. We have taken quite a few definite steps in this direction. You will probably remember, for example, that in January 1956 the Soviet government proposed to the government of the USA that a treaty of friendship and co-operation be concluded between our two countries. Our proposal still holds good. We have tried and will continue to try to re-establish Soviet-American trade relations, which were broken off by the government of the US, and we want to open up cultural, scientific and technical exchanges with the United States. Negotiations are now, incidentally, taking place in Washington on Soviet initiative for the widening of cultural relations between our two countries.

The Soviet leaders have always believed, and still do believe, that personal contacts with government leaders of other countries are of very great importance, as one of the most effective ways of improving international relations. We readily took part in the Geneva four-power conference of heads of government, and, as you are no doubt aware, we have also met the government leaders of many other countries. Such meetings, and the Geneva conference in particular, definitely helped bring about an improvement in the international situation.

I fully support your proposal, Lord Russell, that the leaders of the Soviet Union and the United States should meet and frankly discuss conditions of co-existence. Like you, we are convinced that there are far more questions on which the interests of the Soviet Union and the United States coincide than there are questions on which our interests differ. This, precisely, is why on the Soviet side the opinion has been repeatedly expressed that a high-level meeting between representatives of the USSR and the United States would be most useful for both our countries, as well as for peace among all nations.

We have, of course, no intention or wish whatsoever to reach agreement with the United States at the expense of the interests of any other state, of West or East, large or small, or at the cost of a deterioration in the United States' relations with any other country. On the contrary, we consider that an improvement in Soviet-American relations could only be of use, and that no one would lose by it.

We favour a meeting between the leaders of the United States and the Soviet Union. It depends, therefore, on the leaders of the United States whether or not such a meeting will take place. We know that there are forces, both in the United States itself and outside it, which fear improvement in relations between the US and the USSR, and which actively oppose any step in that direction. Those forces base their policy on exploiting the distrust and differences existing at present between the two biggest powers, and they are doing everything they can to exacerbate these differences and to use them for their own selfish purposes. Is there any need to point out that this policy is against the interests of strengthening peace, against the interests of all peoples?

There can be no doubt that the easing of tension in international relations does not depend on the USSR and the United States alone. Other countries too, including, of course, Great Britain, must make their contribution to it. Unfortunately, it cannot be said that the present policy of the British government has been helpful in solving this most important task. It can hardly be denied that the transformation of Britain into an American base for nuclear and rocket weapons will bring no good either to world peace or to Britain's own security. In the relatively small area of the British Isles many United States military bases, bases at which stocks of atomic and hydrogen bombs are stored, are already deployed, and a proposal is now being made to build launching sites for American rockets there. All the indications are that Britain is being more or less given the role in Europe of the main American medium-range rocket base. I may be permitted to ask – what assurance can anyone have that the latest weapons, deployed on American bases in Britain, will not be used at the discretion of the American military command, without the knowledge of the British people, parliament or even government?

Isn't a situation being created whereby Britain may become the springboard for the unleashing of war against the Soviet Union and other peace-loving countries? Just suppose that, by the merest chance – say, for instance, as the result of an incorrectly understood order – death-dealing weapons of war are used from American military bases in your country against the peaceloving countries. A crushing retaliatory blow would follow immediately. In such an event, the British people might find themselves suddenly in a situation of atomic war, a situation in which Britain's very existence would be threatened. Believe me I am not saying this with the object of frightening your fellow-countrymen. We have a great respect for your people, and would like to strengthen the friendliest relations with your country. I say this because I know the power of modern means of warfare. No wonder millions of British people feel legitimate anxiety and disquiet over the establishment of such bases on the territory of their country.

As far as the Soviet Union is concerned, it advocates joint efforts by countries to ease international tension. This object could be served both by a meeting of representatives of the two powers, the USSR and the United States, and by a wider meeting of representatives of the capitalist and the Socialist countries.

The situation in the world today is so serious that anyone who can do anything to ease the war danger, to remove the threat of war, must do what he can. The British people, who displayed such courage in the struggle against our common enemy during the Second World War, could make a substantial contribution to the preservation and strengthening of peace. The louder the voice of the peoples is raised in the struggle for peace, the smaller will be the chance the adherents of military adventures have to unleash a new war.

I am confident that your call for united efforts by the USSR and the United States to strengthen peace, on the basis of peaceful co-existence, will meet with sympathetic response and support from all who cherish peace.

Your letter is a call to action in the struggle for peace. I permit myself the liberty of expressing the hope that this call will multiply the number of fighters for peace in Britain and in other countries of the world.

I fully support this call; my colleagues and I would like to express the hope that your ardent desire for improved relations between states will meet with support also from the leaders of other countries.

Today the struggle for peace, for the ending of the cold war, which sharpens international tension and which could lead mankind to immense disasters; the struggle for the peaceful co-existence of states, is the vital concern of all peoples of the world, of all men of good will. What we advocate is that the superiority of any particular system be proved, not on the field of battle but in peaceful competition for progress, for improved living standards of the people.

N. KRUSHCHEV

Moscow, 7 December 1957

Paris Undercurrents

AT the moment when 15 premiers are meeting in the Palais de Chaillot and when the budget debate is opening in the Assembly, a couple of odd incidents in the Paris theatre and at the Sorbonne may appear of very secondary importance. All the same, artistic and academic circles often provide an excellent barometer of the political climate in a country, and in the long run these two events could prove of more significance than the meetings of NATO and the Assembly.

Briefly, then, a few weeks ago a Paris theatre announced the presentation of a play by Robert Brasillach, *La Reine de Césarée*. During the Occupation, Brasillach had openly defended anti-semitism and collaboration in his articles. He was arrested when Paris was liberated and executed after a very summary trial. If we remember that many more important collaborators managed to save their necks during the same period, we must admit that Brasillach was particularly unlucky. After all, it was not the journalists who were most responsible for Vichy and French anti-semitism. But this, of course, in no way diminishes the unpleasant character of the one-time leader-writer of *Je Suis Partout*, and the revival of his play was quite obviously intended as a posthumous defence of the opinions he once put forward. His friends had clearly thought that the French left, paralysed by its internal disputes, would accept without much fuss a play which declares: 'Jews, whether fat or thin, are nothing more than vermin'.

They were in for a big surprise, however. The various Resistance organisations staged parades in front of the theatre, and after several days of rioting, the Prefecture decided that the play must be performed in private, by invitation only. Right-wing papers, and even several on the left, protested against the riots. After all, most of the people who demonstrated against the play are normally the fiercest advocates of freedom of speech. Once more, the old debate which has divided France since 1789 was reopened: was it to be 'No liberty for the enemies of liberty', or 'Liberty for all, even for its enemies'?

It was, however, the intervention of Jean-Paul Sartre which really clarified the issues. Once more, the great man proved that he is not only the best polemicist in France but also the left's most convincing apologist. He showed that, throughout this affair, Brasillach had merely been used as an umbrella for a right-wing political operation. If we are to defend the liberty of expression in the French theatre, he argued, we must first ensure that it already exists:

> To write in 1940 that 'Jews, whether fat or thin, are nothing more than vermin' is ignoble. But one could at least argue that at that date the systematic extermination of the Jewish people had only just begun, and that Brasillach, a young *artiste*, was thinking in the abstract and simply repeated slogans without realising their consequences. To present in 1957, however, a play which expresses these intentions, when we know what went on in the Nazi camps and what happened to the 'vermin', is a provocation so deliberate and calculated that the real author, however criminal he may have been, is no more here than a cover-name . . . The Brasillach operation has only one object: to sound out public opinion. The dissensions of the left, its paralysis, were well known: but this was not enough; it was also necessary to know whether it was prepared to die in peace or whether it was still capable of a counter-attack . . .

Having said this, Sartre went on to show how pressure from the police prevented the presentation of Jean Genet's play *Le Balcon*, which Peter Brooke proposed to produce at the Théâtre Antoine. He recalled that a play by Roger Vaillant – recently honoured by the award of the Prix Goncourt – was similarly banned not so long ago, and he ended his article by asking the question, 'If someone were to write a left-wing play on the Algerian War, do you believe that he would be given a chance to stage it? . . . But if, on the other hand, somebody wished to tell in 30 scenes "The Heroic Life of Parachutist-Colonel Bigeard", and he telephoned to the Prefecture and put it to the Theatre Antoine, you may be sure that everything would be arranged very quickly. . . .'

This vigorous statement, coming after the successful manifestation, indicates that French radical opinion is beginning to assert itself again. An even more striking example has now been provided by the Sorbonne, in the case of Maurice Audin. Audin was a young mathematics teacher, aged 25, at Algiers University. Although he was probably never a member of the CP, he had leftist sympathies. In June, he was arrested by the parachutists and disappeared without a trace. Nobody believes the official explanation that he 'escaped'; and there is no doubt that he was savagely tortured in prison. His friends decided, therefore, to present, through a proxy, the doctorate thesis which he was due to deliver to the Sorbonne. M. Billière, the Minister of Education – who has the reputation, as it happens, of being one of the most liberal members of the government – objected strongly. But the Sorbonne has its own ideas about its independence and dignity, which are quite different to those of the present government. In its great amphitheatre, before an unusually large audience, Audin's supervisor, M. de Possel, presented Audin's thesis on 'Linear Equations in Vectorial Space' and 'Limited

Cycles in Differential Equations'. When, after a short deliberation, the examining board decided that Audin be awarded the Doctorate of Mathematical Science, with very honourable mention, the audience began to applaud. But the chairman, Professor Favart, stopped them: 'Do not applaud,' he said. 'I ask you simply to observe a minute's silence'.

Francois Mauriac was present, and ended his article as follows:

> An intellectual, a left-wing intellectual – I know with what contempt these words are treated in certain papers. Maurice Audin was one of these people. He belonged to one of the noblest and purest categories of mankind. What have you done with him?

France's men of learning are no longer willing to wait for the answer to this question. One of France's most famous mathematicians told me that he has never seen such excitement and such unanimity at the Sorbonne as during recent weeks. Even academics who are not interested in politics, or who are faithful *Figaro* subscribers, have plunged into a movement of protest against torture in Algeria, and against the slow but systematic destruction of personal liberties. 'The German universities dishonoured themselves by watching impassively while the Nazis triumphed. But we, in France, will not allow the same thing to be repeated here' – these are the openly expressed sentiments of the French academic world.

We will no doubt wait in vain for dramatic decisions from the Palais de Chaillot. The budget debate will probably end by a victory for this government, based upon a *marriage à trois* between Socialists, Catholics and Rightists in the best tradition of boulevard comedy. But the Brasillach Affair and the sudden surge of anger in the universities suggest that something is stirring beneath the stagnant surface of French political life, and that the present domination of the right may not go unchallenged for long.

K. S. KAROL

London Diary

SOMETHING is stirring at last. According to this week's Gallup Poll (quoted in the *News Chronicle*) 85 per cent of the people of Britain want a 'summit conference' with the Russians. Poor mutts, they may not know – the press hasn't told them – what should be on the agenda, but they have at least understood the appalling danger (let alone the fantastic expense) of having a third of the American bombers always overhead, some carrying the means of starting, perhaps by accident, a war which would incidentally blot out these islands. And this when there is no diplomatic quarrel with the Soviet Union, no special reason for any alert. The *News Chronicle* is the one daily paper which is really seizing its opportunity. Jim Cameron's article from Paris on Tuesday took us back to the great days of reporting. H. W. Nevinson or H. N. Brailsford could not have bettered his account of the NATO meeting. The chief concern there is about why President Eisenhower went to bed early, and a typical question put to Mr Hagerty, the famous press secretary of the White House, is 'Otherwise, Jim, would you say the President's bowels are behaving in good order?' It would seem like *Götterdämmerung* if it were not that its absurdity at such a time is really beginning to penetrate. I take it that this is not the only journal receiving a steady stream of letters asking us to hurry up with an anti-suicide organisation. They must address themselves for the moment to the Council for the Abolition of Nuclear Weapons Tests, 146 Fleet Street EC4, which, I hope, is the embryo of a national movement.

* * *

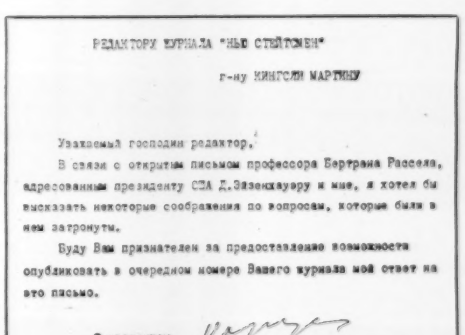
I have long suspected that the government's purpose in keeping civil defence organisations going was more psychological than practical. And I find this view confirmed by an extraordinary letter that Lady Carew Pole, the organiser of the WVS in Cornwall, has just sent to all the branches in her county. She begins by saying that 'the hydrogen bomb could be a terrible weapon, but with your help the blow can be greatly eased'. Indeed, she says categorically that the 'danger of the hydrogen bomb can be met', if one home in five is 'so obviously well-prepared that an enemy will hesitate to attack'. What, therefore, does Lady Pole ask of the 117,938 women in Cornwall between 15 and 69? 'All could help to lessen the fear of the hydrogen bomb' by organising groups to listen to three simple talks on how to protect their homes, how to take care of a sick person at home, and 'how you would be cared for'. The results? 'These talks arm you with basic and unforgettable facts. They will do a great deal to allay your fears. You will, in fact, find them comforting'. In the words of *The Messiah* – comfort ye, my people.

* * *

I have just seen a copy of this journal for 21 August 1954, with an imprint on the front page which reads: 'Defendant's Exhibit, No. 572'. It was entered as proof that this is not a 'seditious' publication in the trial of Carl Braden in Kentucky – the prosecution having submitted Mr Braden's cheque for $7.50 as proof that he was a subscriber to 'seditious' organisations. Mr Braden, however, was convicted and sentenced to 15 years: his crime was that he had sold a house in a segregated area near Louisville to a Negro. This was a fantastic case, and I am glad to say that the Kentucky Court of appeals has quashed the conviction. Now Carl Braden and his wife Ann are back at their work as the field secretaries of the Southern Conference Educational Fund – one of the best of the groups which tries to organise white support in the South for Negro rights. I learn that Ann Braden has written a most moving book about their case, in which they were fighting against two kinds of intolerance – McCarthyism and white supremacy.

* * *

The news that Sheikh Abdullah will shortly be released from his five years' detention in Kashmir will please everyone, including Mr Nehru, who has never disguised his uneasiness about the lawless



РЕДАКТОРУ ЖУРНАЛА "НЬЮ СТЕЙТСМЕН"

г-ну КИНГСЛИ МАРТИНУ

Уважаемый господин редактор,

В связи с открытым письмом профессора Бертрана Рассела, адресованным президенту США Д.Эйзенхауэру и мне, я хотел бы высказать некоторые соображения по вопросам, которые были в нем затронуты.

Буду Вам признателен за предоставление возможности опубликовать в очередном номере Вашего журнала мой ответ на это письмо.

С уважением

Н.ХРУЩЕВ

7-XII-57г.

Mr Krushchev's letter to Kingsley Martin

treatment of his old friend. Since Sheikh Abdullah has never been tried, the reasons for his detention have never been fully or honestly stated. I well remember the first time I met him in Delhi in 1948 after his return from the first luckless occasion when the Kashmir issue came before the UN. He was on the closest terms with Nehru; he had been a chosen, if unskilful champion of India's case on the issue of Kashmir in the unaccustomed climate of the UN. No one doubted that he was the effective ruler of the half of Kashmir occupied by India and that he hoped to reign over the whole state. He developed thoughts of an independent Kashmir, which might have been the best idea if the bitterness between the two countries had not ruled out the hope of a joint Indian-Pakistan guarantee. Suspicion arose that, in pursuing this end of independence, he was in touch with pro-American elements in Pakistan which favoured the use of Pakistan bases by US bombers. This gave his Hindu opponents an excuse for his detention – an excuse which was reinforced when Pakistan became a member of the Bagdad Pact. Abdullah's release does not seem to bring a settlement of the Kashmir problem any nearer, but it will ease many consciences and remove a matter of reproach from India.

* * *

Please, where can I get a cyclamen that will grow in my room? And please tell me how to keep it (as two of my friends do) ablaze with pink, white or red flowers insulting the foggy air, while another score of lovely little buds press eagerly forward in the hope of sunshine. I have asked my friends; I have asked the shopkeepers and the nurserymen; I have gazed wistfully at hundreds of cyclamen in Covent Garden waiting for optimists like myself to take them home to their wives at Christmas. Some say I keep them too hot, others too cold. Some guess that the room is too draughty, others that it must be murderously stuffy. But they differ most about how to water it. Three times a week, or once a week? Never from the top of course, though one gardener advised plunging it in a bucket for ten seconds, allowing just a little water to spill over the brim. Stand the plant in a saucer of water until it sucks the saucer dry, said an expert, and do this three times a week; let it stand on a wet piece of wood and never water it more than once a week, said another. The latest recipe is to plunge the plant half way up the pot in tepid water once a week for 15 minutes. Not that this pundit's friends agreed on this. Indeed, when I took the last miserable dead object back to the shop (after only four days' life), one pundit whispered furtively to me that there might have been something wrong with the plant when I bought it, that his colleague who had just told me that I had killed it with lack of air was talking rubbish, and that if I sneaked back at 9 o'clock the next morning when his colleague wouldn't be there, he would give me another one. And he did. That was three days ago and, so far, it looks lovely. If this one dies I shall give up and find solace in the little hairy cyclamen combs I've planted in a shady spot in the garden.

* * *

Every time a cold snap puts a film of ice on our ponds we display a very odd, indeed to me, an incomprehensible trait in our national behaviour. On summer evenings our village ponds are social centres, and they have ancient wooden seats round them. On normal winter days their choppy surfaces support an occasional pair of ducks. On days that are cold enough to freeze them over, they at once begin to acquire a cover-

ing of house-bricks, old saucepans, boots, pieces of crazy paving and tins. The next day again the ice has disappeared and all these have joined their predecessors at the bottom. A week later – more ice, more boots, more tins. About once in three years the pond is emptied and dragged by men in thigh boots. They find bedsteads, bicycle frames and gas cookers. (You never see these on the ice, nor do you see the holes they would have made if they had gone through it. They must go in when the weather is warm.) But what does it all mean? Do we love our ponds or hate them? Is it that we simply cannot believe in ice? Scandinavian and Dutch ponds do not have boots on them. I hope this may keep some social anthropologist out of mischief this Christmas.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

'I have a skiffle group,' said the surprising reverend. 'But I always keep the hunting horn in my car. You never know when a hare is going to run across the road.' – *Evening Standard.* (Jonathan Paterson.)

I asked Mrs Elverd, who is chairman of the South Gloucestershire Dog Training Society, to explain the 'C.D. Ex.', and with pride, she informed me that her poodle is the only dog in Bristol with letters after her name. They stand for Companion Dog Excellent. – *Western Daily Press and Bristol Mirror.* (B. P. D. White.)

The 'Dance of the Seven Veils', announced in the programme as the first ever seen in a Plymouth school, was performed – in perfectly good taste – by the PT mistress. – *Western Evening Herald.* (D. Colton.)

Hey Money Money

Art thou rich and Something in the City?
O sweet content!
Art thou poor, bedevilled and perplexed?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
When thou canst wave a wand to fill the kitty?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace,
Honest banking bears a poker face;
Then hey money money – hey money money!

Art thou really super-human, brother?
O sweet content!
Wouldst thou bat an eyelid on occasion?
O punishment!
If thy left hand can, by firm persuasion,
Act in total ignorance of the other,
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace,
Serve two masters with an equal grace;
Then hey money money – hey money money!

Canst eat thy cake and keep it in the tin?
O sweet content!
Must thou make the choice – to eat or keep?
O punishment!
The man whose wealth increases in his sleep
Has High Finance to make his money spin;
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace
(Honest labour also has its place)
Then hey money money – hey money money.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Cost of the Broken Home

WOMEN financially dependent upon husbands from whom they are separated or divorced form one of the desperately poor groups which still survive to mock the welfare state. For some years past, magistrates' courts have been making some 14,000 maintenance orders annually. Nobody knows how many past orders are still current, how many other legally enforceable claims against husbands exist, or the extent to which such maintenance is actually paid. As 5,000 of the defaulters who could be traced are in prison and, in 1956, the National Assistance Board had 79,000 women clients living apart from their husbands, the accumulation of insecurity and misery must be formidable.

Last week parliament took the matter in hand and debated the second reading of the government's draft of Miss Joan Vickers' Maintenance Orders Bill which seeks a solution by giving courts the power to attach the earnings of men who default in the payment of maintenance orders. A characteristic speech in support of the Bill was that of a Labour MP, Mr. Charles Pannell. 'This Bill,' he explained, 'will deal with the non-unionists in our society . . . the people we call the knobsticks, the blacklegs, the rats and the scabs, the sort of people who were defined by Jack London as the products of that fifth day creation on which the Lord made all creeping and crawling things'. On this diagnosis many women whose families have been broken lead wretched lives because their husbands callously and irresponsibly refuse to meet their moral and financial obligations. They default on maintenance payments, and those with whom the police catch up are in gaol occupying scarce, reformative space for which Mr Butler has better uses. The Bill provides a cheap and simple remedy. Attach the scoundrels' wages and their wives (or ex-wives) will get a regular income—thus achieving in fact the intention of the courts that wives and children should be maintained.

Public funds contribute to the maintenance of most divorced or separated wives, although the administrative procedures differ according to the husband's income. Under direct taxation the taxpayer deducts the amount of his maintenance obligation from his taxable income. In effect, he is allowed to attach public funds which will contribute to the support of his dependants without limit of number. The higher the income, the greater the public's contribution. At the lower end of the income scale public funds, in the form of National Assistance, are similarly available but in a strikingly different manner. In 1956, the National Assistance Board was paying nearly £10,000,000 to 79,000 women. The husbands of a substantial proportion could not be traced and therefore no contribution could be secured from them. Of the remainder, husbands against whom court orders had been made were not, in about half the cases, meeting them, and others were contributing only a small part of the cost of keeping their wives. The Board has several means of extracting payment from those liable to contribute and, in the last resort, defaulters come before the courts. However, the Board pointed out in 1953 that 'in a very high proportion of these cases the court action was wholly ineffective'. In some cases the Board gives up the attempt to enforce contributions if it is satisfied that the man is too poor to maintain both the wife from whom he has parted and the wife (or the paramour) with whom he is living. Thus public funds finance many of the casualties of broken homes, but only after they have experienced that degree of poverty and distress necessary to impel them to seek or to accept money from the National Assistance Board. Nobody knows how many wives struggle to bring up children on inadequate and irregular incomes.

The Maintenance Orders Bill will do little to alter this situation. It merely enacts the assumption that a new method of enforcing payment by attachment of earnings will give these unhappy women security. All the available information underlies the futility of this expectation. A small inquiry conducted in July and August 1956 by the Advisory Council on the Treatment of Offenders showed that 60 per cent of those committed during this period were not in regular employment when arrears of maintenance were accumulating and would have had no earnings to attach. From the remainder who earned regularly little could have been collected by attachment. Nearly half such defaulters received wages insufficient to meet the needs of their two families, and a third were so aggrieved by a sense of the injustice of the order against them that they went to prison on principle. As David Jones, a lone sceptic, said in the House, 'a man who occupies a decent position and who feels so strongly on this matter that he is prepared to sacrifice his job and go to prison rather than to pay is not likely to remain in his job in order that his income may be attached.'

More important still, the Bill will give no security to a wife whose husband's willingness to meet his obligations is frustrated because there is not enough money to provide for two families. Under the Bill wages may only be attached after the wife has received nothing for four weeks and provided there is sufficient left over after the needs of a new family have been met. Whether the new family results from a legal or from an illicit union is here irrelevant. Two women and their children living in separate establishments have a claim on a single income, if the income is small one of them must go to the National Assistance Board. Experience has persuaded the Board that 'extracting money from husbands to maintain wives from whom they are separated is at best an uncertain business; it is easier to enforce the maintenance of those with whom the man is living than of those from whom he has parted, and the man is more likely to exert himself to maintain the former'. Thus even when the Board is dealing with a man who has formed an illicit union it has to sacrifice respect for the marriage tie to administrative convenience because 'the avoidance of unnecessary expenditure of public monies' requires that the wife become a charge on public funds, leaving the single income to maintain the paramour.

The present system of maintenance is a jumble of expedients capriciously thrown together during the last eighty years. It produces great human suffering which cannot be alleviated by a statute which attempts only to police a minority of irresponsible scamps. The community has never been able to force unwilling spouses to live together, it now permits divorce and places no obstacles in the way of remarriage. Thus a man may lawfully acquire a legal obligation to support two families which he cannot discharge out of a small income. At present, public funds in fact help to carry the social casualties of broken homes under procedures which disgrace a civilised society. The vital objective of policy must be to provide an adequate and regular income for wives and

children who have no resources. This could be simply achieved by providing that amounts due under maintenance orders in magistrates' courts should be paid by a public body. Wives would thus be relieved of nagging anxiety and the distasteful necessity of pursuing defaulting husbands through the courts. The obligation upon the man would be to pay his maintenance to this body which could be provided with an administrative discretion to waive all or part of the payment if it were satisfied that the man's circumstances warranted relief. Present enforcement procedures (with the addition of attachment of earnings) would remain unchanged.

The scandalous lack of information about maintenance orders makes impossible any realistic estimate of the financial consequences of this or a similar scheme. The average amounts awarded under maintenance orders are not known, though experience suggests that they are no greater than the amounts provided by the National Assistance Board in the event of non-payment. If this is true there is no reason to suppose, allowing for the improved efficiency of collection which would result from a centralised machinery, that there would be any significant increase in public expenditure. There would certainly result a massive reduction in human misery.

O. R. McGregor
Marjorie McIntosh

Their Great Original

Half an hour ago I left the Grand Xmas Party of the James Dean Fan Club. I first learned about the Club's existence a few weeks back when, one ghastly wet Sunday afternoon, I went to see *Rock Rock Rock* and *The James Dean Story* in a double bill at a Tottenham Court Road art cinema. A large number of Dean fans were sitting behind me, in the more expensive seats. As I am working on a musical about the wilder fringes of such enthusiasms, I got into conversation with them afterwards. They told me that the Fan Club was about to have a big party, so I naturally filled in an application to join.

Not long after I received my Photo Membership Card, a free copy of the *James Dean Journal*, and a personal letter from the President himself—a genial young Scotsman. He signed himself 'Deaningly yours'. In the *Journal* it told you how to get Jimmy Dean photo handkerchiefs for 2s 9d, post paid. The invitation to the Grand Xmas Party cost ten shillings. It offered Private Showing of Jimmy's Films, Sensational American Records, Fans attending from All Parts of Great Britain, and a Big Surprise Item!!! The place was the Atlantic Coffee Bar, Holborn Viaduct, the time 4 p.m. on the first Sunday in December.

As I walked through the glass doors, carefully dressed as a rebel, a flashbulb went off, and a middle-aged man in a baggy grey suit said 'Are you James Dean?' 'No', I answered, 'what do you mean?' 'You'll find out.' 'Have a cup of tea,' said a pretty blonde girl behind the bar, so I did. Not many people seemed to be around. 'They're all downstairs,' I was told.

And they were, nervously sitting round the edges of the long cellar, not making much conversation to each other. Photographs of *him* were placed at strategic intervals along the wall. The President came forward. 'Hullo,' he said, 'have a photograph.' I took the one he offered, which showed James Dean roaring with laughter in jeans and dark glasses. He looked like anybody else roaring with laughter in jeans and dark glasses. 'Just get talking to people,' the President went on, 'they're all strangers here, and a bit shy. Thaw the atmosphere a bit.' It was very constrained. 'There are one or two papers here,' he added gratuitously. I sat down in the corner by the stairs and looked around. Everyone looked very pleasant. Then I got into conversation with a journalist, and then another journalist, and they both said, well this was pretty dull stuff really, and I agreed, and told them I was writing a satirical musical about it all, and they said how interesting, and was I an Angry Young Man? I said I wasn't at all, and they said they'd never met any, and Angry Young Men were invented by the press, and they said oh quite, and told a rather appalling story which showed how much more interested kids were in Tommy Steele than a National Figurehead. 'There's some whisky upstairs,' the President interrupted, so we all rushed for that. Flashbulbs continued to go off around the room, together with balloons and penny whistles. There was a free distribution of funny hats.

Then everybody played Twenty Questions about details in Jimmy's Life. I had read the biography of *him* by William Bast, an intimate friend, a few days before, and therefore all set to win the Magnificent Prize. I realised how wrong I had been by question five, when we were expected to know where *he* had made a commercial for a soft drink. Throwing my paper under the chair, I turned round just in time to see a tall figure in a plum-velvet windcheater descending the stairs. It was James Byron Dean.

Mr Dean, who comes from Catford, recently changed his name by deed poll, since he believes most sincerely that he is controlled by the spirit of the late actor. Something very remarkable has undoubtedly occurred to him, he would be the first to agree. Joining the journalists, he began to discuss the inspiration that blew through him when he appeared on television in a programme about the Dean legend. Mr Dean is shortly off to Fairmount, Indiana, the Birthplace, where he hopes to open a home for juvenile delinquents. About fifteen years older than his namesake, with a shock of bright yellow hair, Mr Dean is not a person one forgets easily.

Starting once more to explain the story of my musical to an Italian journalist, he re-plotted it for me, and then introduced me to William Bast, who had just arrived with his press agent. Mr Bast is a pale, dark-haired young writer of great fluency and charm, whose book about Dean has had a very large sale indeed. Signing copies of it, photographs of his friend, and odd bits of paper for a long queue of fans, he kept up a varied flow of conditioned responses to all questioners. Mr Bast is at present writing a play called *The Mythmakers*. His press agent wore a camel-hair coat and seemed to have helped to organise the afternoon, since we were asked to applaud him as well as Mr Bast. He did not speak much, and seemed rather detached from what was going on.

A screen had been brought in and set up at one end of the cellar. 'I'm sorry,' the President announced, 'I tried very hard to get a copy of *The James Dean Story*, but I couldn't, so you'll have to see *East of Eden* again.' 'That'll be the sixty-seventh time,' said the girl on my left to no one in particular. 'Must get a shot of 'em all looking at the screen, then I'm away,' said one journalist. 'It's odd,' said another journalist to Mr Bast, 'but I can't find a single clipping about there being a funeral in any of our files. Not one, though there are lots about the death.' 'It took place all right,' Mr Bast replied, 'about six or seven days after the accident. In Fairmount. All of two years

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ago. I could do with a cup of coffee.' He said goodbye to the fans.

The cellar was unimaginably airless. Upstairs the glass door was locked. I have never seen *East of Eden*, but I could not have stayed to see it now. Asking someone to unlock the door for me, while it was still possible, I stepped out into Holborn Viaduct. I walked home.

CHARLES ROBINSON

The Hamburg Orgies

'I'M going to the Reeperbahn tonight', I told my landlord and his wife in the house where I was staying in the Nitterstrasse in Hamburg. 'There's no point in going there', said my landlord. 'None at all', said his wife, polishing the sideboard for the fifth time that morning. 'No one from Hamburg ever goes there', said my landlord. 'They wouldn't dream of it', said his wife. 'A waste of time and money, and I don't know what tourists must think of Hamburg if they see that nonsense.' 'Precisely', said her husband. 'This is a fine, hard-working city.' 'You can go to the Zoo', said my landlady, 'and to the *Planten und Blümen*, or to the great modern airport or the Kursthaller museum. The view over the Alster is the finest in any city.' 'Someone is taking me there', I said. 'A youhg German from one of the shipping companies.' 'Then he should know better', said my landlady, again attacking the sideboard.

I met my friend in a bar near the main railway station. His name was Hans, a slender, handsome youth with an air of ambitious industry about him. We had a drink in a café near the station, to the accompaniment of that sort of cosy elderly music which England and Germany share in common. Yet in Germany it is even more strikingly sickly, a kind of musical marzipan utterly at variance with the clean, clear modernism of the new buildings. I remarked on this to Hans. 'No, it's not young music, certainly', said Hans. 'It's the sort of music for views over the Rhine or moonlight on the Elbe. When we go later to the Reeperbahn I will take you to the Jazz Club for the real new German music.' Hans spoke good English and seemed to have a slightly snobbish regard for it. 'First I will show you the Alster, the park, the rowing men and the Atlantic Hotel where we can perhaps have a cocktail.' 'Certainly', I said. As we wandered through the city, I was immensely surprised to find it so immaculate, in fact I had had a picture in my mind of a Hamburg-Manchester, a Hamburg-Liverpool, and when we reached the Atlantic Hotel the view over the Alster was quite breath-taking, lushly green, water-mirrored, cool, romantic and yet restrained. We went into the Atlantic. It was my first taste of German opulence, a new streamlined luxury overlaying the heavy pomp of the past which still, somehow, hung in the air, so that one could feel an aura of Kaisers and primadonnas and pleasure-loving generals. 'As a matter of fact', said Hans, 'this was practically the only building in the whole area which escaped your bombing. Like the cathedral in Cologne. You English have a great feeling for tradition, and you have always admired this hotel. Many of your great lords stayed here and even lately the King of Denmark, and Queen Soraya. Very smart. Your precision bombing was excellent, I must say.'

After drinking a couple of tomato cocktails (everything else cost at least six or seven marks) we walked back towards the centre of the town, and entered another café-bar. The general atmosphere of this, as of many buildings, cafés and restaurants of the new Germany, suggested a modernistic liner, geared to scientific aspects of economy, reflection of light, saving of labour, and visual harmony. Old Gothic Germany, with Fritz and sausage dogs and monocles, has, externally at any rate, been eliminated by allied bombs and general consent. 'Now to the Reeperbahn', said Hans. 'We will take a taxi. Shall we go to the Jazz Club?' 'Well', I said frankly, 'that would be fun, but what about the orgies?' 'Orgies?', said Hans. 'Yes', I said, 'surely the orgies of the Reeperbahn are famous all over the world?' 'I am sorry', said Hans, perturbed, 'but they are hardly orgies. They stop neatly before that. So far, if you know what I mean. But have you orgies in England?' 'We have nudes', I said, 'but they mustn't move.' 'Not move?' said Hans. 'Not an inch', I said. 'How strange', said Hans politely. 'Let us go.'

The taxi took us to an area of sudden sharp illumination and noise. It was something like Blackpool, only more orderly and somehow more earnest. Practically every building was a cabaret, a nightclub or a miniature theatre. Outside each one were placards, posters, or photographs. We stopped outside one which was plastered with pictures of a naked woman on a horse. She had long golden hair. 'We may as well go in here', said Hans. 'Certainly', I said. 'She is a great English historical figure.' We walked through a long corridor and bought entrance tickets from a fat man dressed as a jockey, then entered a room rather like a tiny circus ring, surrounded by tables. We sat down and ordered beer. In the centre of the ring a bronzed man in a sports shirt cracked a whip, while two young very refined horses trotted soberly round. It was like Rotten Row on a nice autumn day. We drank beer for about half an hour, and then a drunk man got up from one of the tables and climbed on one of the horses. It was obvious he couldn't ride, he was like a sack of flour. 'Let's wait and see if he falls off', said Hans, 'and if he doesn't, we'll go.' He didn't fall off, so we left.

Our next club was very large, and we were shown to our table by a dignified stooping headwaiter. A film was being shown. As we were halfway through it, I couldn't quite make out the plot, but it appeared to be about a man trying to drink champagne, and being pestered by women who insisted on undressing, getting furious, dressing again and then undressing in a different way. The hero was a man with an enormous false moustache and he went on and on guzzling champagne, and finally after the fifth undressing, he spread out his arms and collapsed on the table. It was really a very sad film, and was greeted with polite applause. When the lights went up, I could see the club was packed with well-dressed people with earnest expressions; one might have been at the St James's Theatre. Quite a lot of men with their fiancées and wives, and a group of men discussing politics. Nothing at all furtive, and when the screen was rolled up, a very discreet nude parade was soberly presented in which one was more impressed by wholesomeness and an air of implacable cleanliness than by anything else. It could all have been in *Vogue*.

Our third cabaret was also smart, with a circular floor leading up to a stage, and again I had that feeling of being in a liner of the future, of being dust-proof, fly-proof, deodorised, that one's very libido was wrapped neatly in Cellophane. But suddenly, from the three-piece orchestra, economically housed on a tiny abstractionist platform, burst the irrepressible marzipan music, the mock Gothic sob at the heart of things, of ruins and dim far-off wars and love for everything, flooding and bursting the dykes and floating them out to an old dark sea of huge goddesses and grails. Imperceptibly, the music became Japanese, the vague operetta Japan of 1910, there was a humming noise, and the circular floor began to rise above the parapet, the lights dimmed and a Japanese scene presented itself. Two quite charming girls in kimonos, extremely well-drilled, performed various stylised postures until one of them, disrobing herself, lay on a couch and was fanned. The humming noise reasserted itself, the floor sank, the lights went up and the orchestra struck up a lively waltz. 'We are fond of machinery in Hamburg', said Hans. 'Many people come to this cabaret simply to watch the floor.' 'But why Japan?', I said. 'Hamburg is so amazingly modern.' 'Emotionally, perhaps, we have not caught up with the machinery and so on. Which is just as well, all considered', said Hans. After a brisk dance, the humming started again, the lights dimmed and the orchestra played a sort of marzipan minuet, followed by a scene of Madame de Pompadour and a maid servant. We stayed another half-hour, both secretly waiting for something voluptuous we had seen on a photograph outside the door, but which never appeared, and went out into the street again.

Old Arizona. Mexican Nights. Paris after Midnight. All earnest, sober, prophylactic, many with machinery. Everybody well-dressed, quiet disciplined, quietly submitting to head-waiters, commissionaires dressed as cowboys, apaches, or bullfighters. And then suddenly we entered a large bar of misrule and disorder, as though to prove that the Germans do nothing by halves. Nearly everybody was drunk, gloriously and improbably drunk. Here at last was abandon, noise, exuberance, dirt, age without dignity, youth without purpose, breaking glass, the disc-like eyes of the obsessed, the fierce cry of the failure, the self-stopped clock of the artist. This was the X– club in Soho with unlimited licensing hours, carrying one far past the waste land into the glorious world of the damned. A strange elderly man with a wig approached me and made some sort of speech which I couldn't understand. 'What did he say?', I asked Hans. 'Some nonsense', said Hans apologetically. 'He was trying to tell you that for a long time he was convinced this place was South America, but now he has come to the conclusion that it is, after all, Hamburg. He is, you understand, completely drunk. Would you like to go?' 'By no means', I said. 'It is restful and reminds me of home.'

At that moment I saw a man in a homburg hat dancing around the floor with an elderly woman with red hair. I caught his eye and, to my amazement, recognised my landlord. He left his partner and wavered over towards me. 'Listen, Herr Englander', he said earnestly, 'not a word about this at home.' 'Certainly not', I said. 'The home is sacred.' 'Certainly', I said. 'To err is human', he said. 'Of course it is', I said. 'Let's go', said Hans to me. 'This is simply not serious. It is bad for the morale.' 'Very well', I said.

'No one from Hamburg ever comes here', said Hans to me outside, waving for a taxi.

ANTHONY CARSON

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The Arts and Entertainment

British Abstract Art

THE O'Hana Gallery is staging an important survey of 'British Abstract Art 1948-1957'. The exhibition, which will remain open until Christmas, goes under the name of *Dimensions*. It has been arranged by Lawrence Alloway. Additional research by Toni del Renzio. With the co-operation of the ICA'. Its great value is, of course, that it provides an unprecedented opportunity to judge what recent British abstract art has achieved and failed to achieve. Before making it a basis for generalisation, it would be as well to indicate some weaknesses in the selection and presentation.

The worst omissions are in the field of sculpture. They are Moore and Paolozzi. Admittedly, neither of them has been committed to abstraction – not in the period covered – but they have both, within the period, produced a number of abstract reliefs, and Paolozzi some abstract works in the round, which are among the best things in British Abstract Art. Paolozzi is represented by a couple of small collages, of 1951, which do him no sort of justice: his collages in this manner only get to work when they are big.

Some of the aberrations in the choice of paintings seem the product of nothing more venal than hasty compilation. The only Moynihan is one of the early essays of his present abstract phase (for all that, it looks better and better every time one sees it). There is no more than one work apiece by William Scott and Gerald Wilde. There is nothing by Jack Smith: one would have thought his recent work no less eligible than the Lanyons. Hayter might well have been claimed as a British artist (in any case, he is listed in the bibliography, though not hung on the walls). And has Edgar Hubert done nothing since 1948? This may be the case – I cannot remember seeing anything painted by him since 1946 or '47 – but, if it is, the catalogue, an ambitious document, might have been more communicative about one of the important pioneers of modern (free) abstraction in England.

While on the subject of the catalogue, it must be admitted that, although it is exceedingly lively and pretty in form, some of the contents are a bit pretentious. The Rewald-style 'Chronology' only needs drawing by Nicolas Bentley:

1950 Cattleugh sees Pollock at Venice Biennale.
. . .
1951 Hill meets Sam Francis . . . Pasmore gets Biederman's Art As The Evolution of Visual Knowledge from Ceri Richards. . . .
1952 Hill corresponds with Biederman. . . .
1953 Pasmore corresponds with Biederman. . . .
1954 K. Martin corresponds with Biederman.
. . .

This sort of thing will only do when Renoir meets Pissarro and Cézanne corresponds with Zola. When the characters of the schematic saga are not acknowledged masters, it makes a laughing-stock of them.

One final comment on the arrangements: the hanging is indifferent both visually and didactically. It is ironical that Mr Alloway, having turned out some highly effective jobs of presentation at the ICA, which has just about the worst premises in London, should have lapsed when given the O'Hana, which has just about the best. It must be said, though, that Messrs O'Hana are partly to blame: the patchy lighting of the second gallery is lamentable.

This survey of British Abstract Art seems to me to show quite conclusively that the one field of abstract art in which we do as well as anyone is that of the relief construction. It may be that I'm a sucker for low reliefs made out of circles and rectangles – I would give all Ben Nicholson's paintings for his *White Reliefs* – but I feel convinced that the reliefs in this exhibition by Pasmore, Nicholson, Mary Martin, and Anthony Hill, and, to a lesser extent, Peter Stroud, together with Kenneth Martin's mobiles, which are analogous, have got a command over the medium, a certainty of purpose, a freedom from compromise, a directness, generally lacking in British art, and especially British abstract art. They are not afraid to be simple. If the British Council were proposing to show our abstract art abroad, at some Biennale or Bienal, they could do no better than send a selection of geometric reliefs. For all that these reliefs are extensions of work done in Europe thirty and forty years ago, they are not provincial offshoots: they are both too distinctive and too good. Mary Martin's *Black Relief*, especially, compares well with anything that has been done in this genre, and goes to show what play for true imagination there is in the reputedly arid art of geometric construction. The subtle openings, the jagged shadows, have a mystery which is all the more poetic because it is not smothered in picturesque sauce, pickle or *schmalz*.

Conversely, it is just its dependence upon the picturesque that is the flaw in British abstract painting of the free, painterly kind – its dependence upon vague poetic allusion rather than the properties of the painting as such. This is a question that I propose to go into at some length next week. By then the exhibition will have closed; the visitor to it will see what I am going to say if he ponders over the difference between the paintings by Roger Hilton and all the other 'painterly abstractions' there.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Early Anouilh

Dinner with the Family, the early Anouilh which Mr Frank Hauser revived so successfully at Oxford recently, has now been brought to the New Theatre complete in its original production; and it is not to be missed. To start with it has about the most brilliant first act I ever remember seeing. The curtain rises on an old-fashioned, rather grand family house at Senlis, 25 miles from Paris, when a young man who is renting it is going through the inventory with the old body who owns it. In the course of conversation he makes it clear that though he is hiring it for a month, he needs it only for one night; and presently a waiter comes in from a local catering firm to complete the arrangements for a dinner party he is giving this night. The young man bribes him to pretend he is the old family butler, and the mystery thickens when the young man tells him that he is expecting his parents. Won't they, the butler gently suggests, be surprised to find installed a quite unknown 'old family servant'. Not in the least, the young man breezily assures him, since they've never been in the house before, themselves.

This becomes clear enough when the 'parents' arrive. They are an actor and an actress, hired for the purpose, and the purpose is to impress a girl,

Few tobaccos are as good as

RICH DARK HONEYDEW

FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT

Isabelle, to whom the young man has been romancing. He has talked so freely and convincingly about his family background that it seems only a small step (but now a necessary one) to embody them not merely in fantasy, but in fact. She is expected for dinner in half-an-hour and she is to find the house and the family just as he has so often described them. The difficulty is to get the actor and actress to stop being an actor and actress, stuffed with emotional notions of what a father and mother should be like. An admirable comedy scene this, directed and acted with a perfect tact and discretion. It would be so easy, and so fatal, to let the scene—indeed this whole act—get out of hand. Farce is the danger on one side, whimsy on the other. The line between them is narrow, but here it is exactly held to; and Miss Lally Bowers and Mr Alan MacNaughtan are wonderfully funny, while all the time keeping within the boundaries their direction has marked. Eventually the 'family' is composed to the young man's satisfaction into the conversation piece he has led his girl to expect.

It is hardly surprising if Anouilh fails to maintain the high pitch this act has tuned us to. The abrupt switch at the start of the second act to a complete change of scene breaks the mood so sharply that we can never hope to get right back into it. We learn the truth about the young man, that he is a good-for-nothing living off his rich wife, and we meet his real family who are all in the same game. They are whisked to Senlis, too, and it is this real family of spongers whom Isabelle, when she arrives, meets, not the ideal one of the young man's fantasy. Isabelle is one of Anouilh's more impossible romantic young heroines and the story takes a form that is now more familiar to those of us who know his other plays. But it still makes a wholly delightful evening and Mr Hauser is to be congratulated on a production which keeps throughout nearer to the tone and accent of Anouilh than any other English one I have seen (except perhaps Peter Hall's *Waltz of the Toreadors*). The young couple were played with romantic conviction by Jill Bennett and John Justin.

Mr Benn Levy's comedy, *The Rape of the Belt*, at the Piccadilly, deserves more space than I can give it now. It is both witty and wise, and I must return to it next week. Meanwhile, may I remind readers that our two leading actors are in town, providing the highest form of entertainment for adults over Christmas. Sir Laurence Olivier has returned to the Palace with *The Entertainer* and will be there until 18 January; Sir John Gielgud is at Drury Lane with Peter Brook's fine production of *The Tempest* from Stratford (until 25 January). His Prospero is one of the great renderings of our time.

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SIR THOMAS BEECHAM

Overture "Poet and Peasant"—*Suppé;* Valse triste—*Sibelius,* Royal Hunt and Storm, "The Trojans"—*Berlioz* (with the Beecham Choral Society); March in D major, K.249—*Mozart;* Le Rouet d'Omphale—*Saint-Saëns;* Prelude a l'après-midi d'un faune—*Debussy;* Dance of the Sylphs, from "The Damnation of Faust"—*Berlioz;* Je veux matche—*Chabrier*

on

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As I Was Saying

MR J. B. PRIESTLEY'S piece in last Sunday's *Reynolds News* was entitled 'My TV Play—and How the Critics Failed'. In it he complained that 'too many TV critics'—not quite all of us, thank goodness!—behave 'as if they were spoiled, peevish, rich men who had ordered . . . some magnificent feast that never came up to their expectations. "No good," they shout. "Take it away." And anyhow it has been taken away. They should be writing something that would help us next time we have a try'.

The last sentence seems to me to make a just demand. It is only the more 'phone-by-night critics of the living theatre who regard it as their sole or primary duty to serve their readers, to tell the coach-party organisers if it's the sort of show for them: the more serious dramatic critics are concerned, both for the sake of the art and no doubt for selfish reasons, to get more good plays written. This is the main end of their criticism. A reader, if intelligent, can, of course, deduce from that criticism whether he is likely to like a particular play, but this is an incidental consequence; the Muse is favourite.

This must surely be even more so in TV criticism because of the ephemeral nature of the medium. As Mr Priestley puts it, the dish 'has been taken away'. Only very rarely—*Othello, The Saint of Bleecker Street,* a few others—is a telerecording broadcast of a play seen before. So there is no point at all in telling a potential future audience 'watch this'. There is no potential future audience, the critic is bound to concentrate on the play itself (though people sometimes like reading notices of plays they have already seen, and we sometimes try, too, to describe plays and other TV programmes in a way which may be readable even by those who have no set). Therefore, as Mr Priestley also rightly says, at this stage in the life of the medium 'every TV play . . . is in fact an experiment'. It is greatly to his credit that he is one of those who do not play safe. He *is* exploring the possibilities of the new medium, and is entitled to claim: 'When I write specially for TV I deliberately avoid obvious and familiar themes and backgrounds, safe little pieces about suburban families'. A plea for more of this has been the main point of what I have been writing about TV drama in recent weeks.

No doubt, in doing so, I have often seemed, as Mr Priestley says we seem, 'peevish' in my reaction to the fare provided. So would he—famous as he is for his patience and equanimity—if he had to watch as much TV as the average critic does. To extend Mr Priestley's gastronomical simile, it is too often as if, from a kitchen equipped with stainless-steel sink-units, the latest Aga, and Formica table-tops in 'contemporary' patterns, some malign idiot of a cook were to send in meal after meal consisting only of tinned tripe sloshed with sauce out of a bottle.

One point that Mr Priestley does not make in his article, and that I ought to have made before, is that when one is urging skilled and successful playwrights to write specially for TV rather than to write stage-plays that may later be adapted, one is asking them to make a financial sacrifice for the sake of exploring the new medium. I know nothing of Mr Priestley's personal finances, but it is safe to assume that, like other writers in this country who have at various but irregular times earned a good deal of money, he is on a treadmill of taxation such as the earner of a steady wage or salary is free from. A play that 'takes' in the living theatre does enable the playwright to keep the treadmill turning smoothly. By comparison, the fees paid to the TV playwright are meagre indeed. Probably he can only get something like a fair reward for his work if it is bought by foreign TV services also.

Exactly the opposite situation obtains in America. Here, stage-plays are 'adapted' (with all the physical limitations imposed by the stage) for TV: there, TV plays, if they turn out well, are adapted for the stage. A case in point is the current Broadway success, *Visit to a Small Planet,* an entertaining satire by Mr Gore Vidal, the gifted young novelist, which is also now being performed in Brussels and may shortly be seen in eastern Europe and in London. In its original form, this play was written for TV: it was only later expanded for the stage. Indeed, the money to be earned by writing plays for TV in America is so much greater than it is here that writers such as Mr Vidal are apt to desert the living theatre, and the writing of books. This may be a loss to the stage and to prose, but it is good for the new medium.

TOM DRIBERG

The Trend Guessers

MR Elvis Presley has now given the world a number entitled *Santa Bring My Baby Back to Me.* Retching slightly, we may deduce from this that Christmas is at hand. It marks (for Hogmanay is too specialised a festival to produce song-hits on this scale) the end of a fabulous year in Tin Pan Alley, and an almost equally impressive one among its poorer cousins in the world of jazz. The jazz discography of 1957 will almost certainly be longer than the 218 pages of the 1956 one, which has just been published; but the combined sales it represents will pale beside those of the skiffle, rock and roll and other 'pop' stars, for, as an inquirer reports it, the inmates of a Californian high school say: 'We don't hear much jazz. It's a sophisticated kind of entertainment, isn't it?' Who is the critic of the NEW STATESMAN to disagree with this judgment?

The men who have sold this stuff will light their Christmas Havanas and congratulate themselves on a year in which the Jaguars have been part-exchanged for the Mercedes with gratifying frequency. But, as the last bars of Mr Belafonte's *Mary's Boy Child* (which has so far sold 1½ million) fade away, they will also reflect that they have no idea how the trick was done. For the pop-music business is an old-fashioned one, in which crystal-gazing, experience, and above all quick imitation still take the

place of market research and psychoanalytic gimmicks. They have copied the Americans, because it is known that American successes will most likely also be British ones. They have copied one another. (There is generally time to get in on a successful fashion before it vanishes.) They have kept their ears to the ground. But few of them have done more than this, and all are at bottom clueless.

Why, for instance, did calypso fail to catch on? Everybody (including this observer) thought it would, since it swept the USA. We don't know. Why has skiffle become so popular? Nobody expected it to, or made preparations for it. When Mr Lonnie Donegan rose to unexpected fame among the teenagers and children, Tin Pan Alley saw him, not as the pioneer of a new fashion of self-made amateur music, and folk-song, hitherto primarily a left-wing hobby (that pleasing American group, The Weavers, whose latest record – Vanguard PPL 1106 – is today described as 'skiffle', was boycotted under McCarthy), but as just another pop singer with a beat. But of course he wasn't. For one thing he was British, and – as Mr Colin MacInnes has pointed out – the mass demand for patently British working-class boy stars is new. For another, he had nothing in common with the vocal strip-tease with which types like Elvis Presley titillate little girls. The new British boy marvels are quite unsexual in their appeal, which is not primarily to the girls. If boy singers today monopolise the hit records to the point where even pretty new women singers are a drug on the market, it is probably because the pre-sexual public rivals the sexually precocious one. But the point is that such analyses are made with hindsight. Nobody predicted these trends, and few even recognised them until they were well established in hundreds of guitar, tea-chest and washboard amateur minstrel groups. A lot of money has been made in Tin Pan Alley, but most of it blindly.

However, Christmas is not only the occasion for such reflections, but also for gifts. Fortunately among the mass of jazz records released in the past months, there are many good ones. If I had to choose among the recent LP records myself, I should pick four. *Fats*, 1935-7 (RCA 12-inch) needs no recommendation for admirers of that gin-swilling, simple-cynical, delicate wonder. *Charlie Christian* (Philips 12-inch) – vintage 1939-41 – reveals a revolutionary tubercular guitarist, some splendid players, and more about the process of collective jazz creation than any description. *Negro Spirituals* (Vogue 12-inch) are sung by such pillars of faith and rhythm as Brother Cleophus Robinson, the Sensational Nightingales and the Original Five Blind Boys. Ewan McColl's wholly enjoyable *Shuttle and Cage* (Topic 10-inch) is a collection of British industrial folk ballads sung as they ought to be – which belongs in every Labour household; or in any household for that matter.

But these are personal choices. Other worthwhile records include, for piano-lovers, the astonishing *Art Tatum Trio* (Columbia 10-inch), John Hammond's pleasant Wallerish re-discovery Bobby Henderson (*Handful of Keys*, Vanguard 12-inch) and, for old times' sake, Teddy Wilson's *For Quiet Lovers* (HMV 10-inch) or Meade Lux Lewis's ill-named *Yancey's Last Ride* (Columbia 10-inch). Ultra-modernists may get what comfort they can from *Modern Jazz Gallery* (London 12-inch) which displays various Californian groups, but may be recommended *The Jazz Experiments of Charlie Mingus* (London 12-inch) and one of the best record-sleeves of the year, a tasteful abstract in blues, purples and whites.

Those unwilling to spend so much money have only to choose among the numerous EP issues of reliable classics: Armstrong's *New Orleans to New York* I and II (Brunswick), Ellington of 1929-30 vintage on *The Duke Steps Out* (HMV) or of 1937-8 on *Rex Stewart and Cootie Williams* (HMV), *Albert Ammons and his Rhythm Kings* (Brunswick) for boogie-woogie, or the *Unforgettable Fats Waller* (HMV) for everyone's pleasure. Should this pleasure pall, it may easily be revived by the following observations of Mr Norman Mailer on some who take their jazz too seriously:

> By this premise the hipster is a psychopath, and yet not a psychopath, but the negation of the psychopath for he possesses the narcissistic detachment of the philosopher, that absorption in the recessive nuances of one's own motive which is so alien to the unreasoning drive of the psychopath.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Red Noses

Barnacle Bill (Empire) is presumably just a title to draw the crowds; when they get in they will find Ealing fantasy of the kind which defends our right to be cracked and can't resist Ancient Machinery. Madly English, we have had the Old Crock, and the Very Local Railway, and the Bijou Kinema, to say nothing of Free Pimlico and Whisky Sunday in the Isles: what remained? A pier, and someone to fall in love with it. Captain Ambrose (Alec Guinness) is a sailor gallant but irredeemably sea-sick. He buys the pier, runs it like a warship, engages in naval warfare with the local council, gets cut adrift on the pier-end, and crosses the Channel to France. It sounds, and very nearly is, impeccable. The Uncle Toby in all of us has slipped out for yet one more game on the battlements.

Guinness's quietly implacable lunatic plays a nice variant on his last part, that of the mad major in *The Bridge On the River Kwai*; there are delightful moments in T. E. B. Clarke's script, and its pensive touches are prettily carried out by the director, Charles Frend. Then why aren't we whole-heartedly amused? I am afraid that, despite elegance and the smooth working of parts, the lilt falters. If the title strikes coarse, the whole caper is too nautically refined; whimsy in the mind emerges with too little spontaneous comedy for the eye. However, occasional enchantment is there. The first close-up of heroes to be honoured, and our hero two foot shorter than the others and cut off at the eyes by the bottom of the picture, is very funny indeed; the little captain walks unscathed through the traffic; and tells his tale coolly to the *Sandcastle Gazette;* the pier head memorably drifts away; and the emergence from the Bank after dark of reeling officials led by an immaculate horn-pipe waves a wistful goodbye.

No pretensions to class elsewhere, just the comedian and his 'vehicle', which he rides as funnily as he can. Fernandel, at the Cameo-Poly (*His Greatest Role*) is an unsuccessful actor flung to the provinces, and, with the help of the costumier's, making a lightning way in society. He starts as a captain of the Foreign Legion, goes on with diplomacy, has his hour as a master-crook. He then reappears on the stage, having lost his voice and turning melodrama into farce. This is all entertaining enough, provided one's in the right mood and not looking for three-star Fernandel. Even at lower levels he has quite a bit more than either Jerry Lewis or Norman Wisdom, the other comedians turning up in season. The first of these will be found in *The Sad Sack* (Marble Arch Odeon), which is resolutely funny about the Air Force, potatoes, women majors, psychology, and eventually African deserts: if we can bear these well-trampled surroundings, there is hidden in the galvanic workings of the cross-eyed boy something likeable. So also perhaps in Norman Wisdom, though in the effort to go straight as a comedian, with no songs or turns, he seems to have dropped his chief asset: a kernel somewhat diabolical, so that when he laughs it might be screaming and *vice versa*. I'm sorry to say *Just my Luck* (Dominion) lacks devil and gives him a soft centre; he is a Pickwickian waif, and his best moment is pastiche of Chaplin. Still, we flit with mild gaiety through wish-fulfilments of jewellery in Bond Street and a fortune won at the races. It's rash to prescribe for others' cachinnation – my galloping release may be agonised tooth-pulling to you – but my own choice above any of the entertainments reviewed here would be *The Diary of Major Thompson*, gone from the Berkeley, but to be found elsewhere I hope, if one looks.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

'Four Quartets' at the Royal Festival Hall

Under the auspices of the Apollo Society four of the best readers of poetry in England gave on December 15, at the Festival Hall, a combined rendering of Mr Eliot's *Four Quartets*, happily interrupted by a performance by the Quartet Pro Musica of Bartok's String Quartet No. 4. This struck my musically ignorant ear as brilliant, and it must have clarified for many listeners the musical structure of Mr Eliot's poems. The four readers were Miss Jill Balcon, Mr C. Day Lewis, Dame Peggy Ashcroft and Mr George Rylands. Miss Balcon and Mr Day Lewis have very rich, caressive, slightly self-luxuriating voices, like a bland golden sherry. Mr Rylands's voice is like a very dry sherry, indeed, exactly right for ominousness and edge. Dame Peggy's voice, in itself, one did not notice; it seemed a transparency through which one saw the poem. But these four voices worked as in-

struments together to make one sense the steady advance, in these four poems, of Mr Eliot's later mastery through abstract dryness and sometimes slightly heavy homiletics to, for instance, the fulness and splendour of the passage in *Little Gidding* about the 'familiar compound ghost': a sustained triumph in the grand style, giving, on Sunday, its full value.

G. S. F.

Correspondence

RECORD CLUBS

SIR,—According to the article in your issue of 7 December, the advertising manager of *The Gramophone* argues that it is legitimate for him to refuse record club advertising because '*The Gramophone* is sold through record dealers and ought not therefore to accept advertisements of records which cannot be bought through normal trade channels'. Yet in a letter to the editor of *The Gramophone* of 19 September I undertook that all advertisements supplied by this firm would specify that members might enrol through their regular dealer, who would receive a normal trade discount, despite which *The Gramophone* still refused to accept our advertisement.

It is a little strange, also, to read in the issue of *The Gramophone* for July 1957, a full-page advertisement which begins: 'Why don't dealers stock and recommend our amplifiers and tuners, etc? Because they cannot afford to, as we give their discount to YOU (the public)'.

The case of *Records and Recording* is even more astonishing. We sent in a booking for an advertisement on 16 October. On 13 November we received a letter from the publishers, Hansom Books, to the effect that they would not carry advertisements for record clubs except where there was a clear indication in the advertisement that membership could be entered through a record dealer. We replied immediately that we were perfectly ready to accept this condition, but they came back to us on 19 November to say that 'since writing to you on 13 November it has been decided as a matter of policy that we shall not for the time being carry advertisements for record clubs in our publications'.

The questions of quality and financial standing to which you refer in your subsequent comments of 14 December should surely be a matter of individual inquiry and not of general embargo, but on this point, too, we offered *The Gramophone* every safeguard. In the same letter as that referred to above, I wrote: 'It is understood that we should supply you with copies of any of our recordings on request and that subject to independent arbitration, you would cease to accept our advertisements if at any time you considered the technical or artistic quality of any single recording was not satisfactory'. In an earlier letter I had suggested that the independent arbitrator should be the British Institute of Recorded Sound or some similar body.

While appreciating that any publication must have the right to refuse advertising, the above would seem to indicate that the arguments put forward by the specialist press are less reasons than excuses.

CHARLES EDE
Managing Director

The Record Society, Ltd
70 Brook St, W1

SIR,—I must risk throwing a momentary shadow of seeming ingratitude in the bright clear light of Francis Williams' astonishing report (all news to us) of what happened to *Opera* when they accepted Classics Club advertising. But pressing circumstances oblige me to do a little hair-splitting, and to qualify Mr Williams' statement that the Club alleged that the refusals were due to pressure on behalf of big advertisers simply because we had never known *of our own knowledge* that big advertisers were behind the refusals (and cancellations) until we chanced to read Mr Williams' plain-spoken disclosures in your own columns.

May I add the following facts in the hope of illuminating the situation further and alerting big advertisers about what is going on even behind their own scenes, of which they may have no knowledge.

(1) Classics Club advertised repeatedly in *Music and Musicians* since last June. In November the publishers added a new magazine to their roster, *Records and Recordings*. Our advertising was solicited. Our first advertisement appeared in the magazine's first issue.

A few days after its appearance we were informed by telephone that not only were we to be excluded from *Records and Recordings* but also from *Music and Musicians*. We were also unofficially told that we would be permanently excluded. The explanation given involved certain big advertisers who clearly could never have authorised such a statement, and who, in fairness to them, might have wished to repudiate it if it had been brought to their attention. The freedom of the press was involved.

(2) The moral seems to be that once a big advertiser permits, however passively, his 'interests' to be fought for by an agent, contractor, or editor, he must face and accept the hazard that the matter will get out of hand. This happened in the case of *The Gramophone*, whose ban on Classics Club advertising is now followed by all the LP record-reviewing specialist media. The ban equally prohibits editorial reference to the existence of record clubs. This magazine's editor-owner defended his position, *not* by reference to pressures from advertisers, but on the ground that LP manufacturers (except us?) lose money on LPs. And since, he went on, any thought on the part of the public that LPs are selling well or are profitable is an illusion, it followed that our prices were far too low, and we would, therefore, have to be excluded (along with other clubs) 'as a matter of policy'. Once again the big advertisers and their 'interests' found themselves championed and defended in a battle they had certainly not begun and, perhaps, did not wish to fight. The freedom of the press was involved.

(3) Your editorial comment last week is unfair to record clubs. All record clubs in England (as far as I know) refund money unconditionally. I am not aware that book clubs refund money unconditionally, or at all. Your statement that a record club once went into liquidation is so irrelevant as to be especially puzzling. Book clubs, to which you made special reference in your comparisons, book publishers, too, even famous record labels, not to mention numerous weekly journals of opinion, have also been known to go into liquidation. As to the quality of record club records, our own are at all times available for the blindfold test and Classics Club has a few hundred guineas available for England's knights of music, if one or more would care to submit to such a blindfold test on Classics Club records against all comers. Let them tell the difference, if they can, between what costs 40s. elsewhere and what we sell for 14s. 11d. Lastly, as best we know, Classics Club is the only record club in the world which devotes much of its advertising space to inviting members of the public to listen to our recordings in their own homes just as critically as they can and using the highest standards, not standards of compromise or tolerance.

MARCEL RODD

Classics Club
127 Kensal Road, W10

[Mr Peter Heyworth, our record critic, is preparing an article on this subject.—ED., *NS.*]

FIGHTING FOR FEUDALISM

SIR,—I am grateful to Mr John Connell for giving us a highly accurate demonstration of the workings of that cast of military mind which I was seeking to discuss in my article. It is precisely because Mr Connell and his Regular officer friends still believe that anyone who disagrees with them must automatically be 'wicked', that any statement which they find unacceptable is 'a vile lie', that the communication of certain types of ideas to other people is 'evil work'—it is because of this prevailing psychological atmosphere (which seems to me to stem from the Middle Ages) that many of us know that whatever the War Office does now about pay and conditions we could never contemplate staying in the army as a career. That is what I was trying to say in my article; and it is nice of Mr Connell to have provided so splendid an illustration of the point that I sought to make.

A NATIONAL SERVICEMAN

SIR,—Despite Mr Connell's letter, the case made by the author of 'Fighting for Feudalism' remains uncontested since Mr Connell ignores every fact given. His letter is an entertaining and illuminating example of a certain type of argument.

His only references to the facts stated in the article are: (a) to assert that it was 'untrue—in its particular examples'. But officers' statements and publications of the British army were the source of these examples. (b) He quoted virtually the only 'personal' viewpoints (as opposed to fully substantiated ones) contained in the article. There being no other quotations from it, one might be led to believe, wrongly, that the article consisted largely, as Mr Connell claims, of a personal grouse about the army.

For the rest of the letter, it is stated that the article 'struck—at the relationship between officers and men in the armed forces of the Crown'. This apparent reference to the article leads into a sinewy red herring on the lines of the 'relationship of trust between men exercising different responsibilities', the army's 'brotherhood of all ranks, the living and the dead'(!)

One might be inclined to think that Mr Connell unwittingly supports the writer of 'Fighting for Feudalism' in some respects. Men who act in such a coldly political situation as war with the ecstatic fervour he speaks of (the regiment's name on their lips, etc.) rather than with sober reason are pitied and despised in our age of world war. But in any case Mr Connell banks on our not remembering the contents of the article and hopes (perhaps unconsciously) that emotional sobs will prove stronger than reasoned statements.

J. MANNING

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London

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NUCLEAR WAR

SIR,—Mr J. G. James, Mr E. C. Middleditch and Mr Henry T. F. Rhodes would like to join an organisation, formed by a body of distinguished men, whose principal object is for Britain to abandon the H-bomb.

The National Council for the Abolition of Nuclear Weapon Tests, in London, will no doubt already have been in touch with your three correspondents. This letter is written only to remark that there is in Scotland also a body organised for the abolition of nuclear weapon tests (wherever in the world); that it is sponsored by a body of distinguished men including the present Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; that it is constitutionally precluded from affiliation with any political party; that its members, as your correspondents suggest, pay a subscription; that half a crown a head is found to go only so far for the purposes of, for instance, the 300-odd Edinburgh members; that money will be a great help in an effort put forth from either London or Edinburgh; and that correspondence from all interested Scots would be welcomed by the undersigned.

MAIRI R. STEWART
Hon. Sec.

Edinburgh Council for the Abolition
of Nuclear Weapon Tests,
12 Dane Park Crescent
Edinburgh 4

KASHMIR

SIR,—The Honorary Secretary of the Kashmir Association of Europe would have done well to have checked his facts as listed in his letter appearing in your journal of 7 December.

He says that the proposals for partitioning Kashmir, agreed upon by Mr Nehru and Mr Mohammed Ali, 'led to the worsening of the tension, resulting in Mr Graham's reports advocating simultaneous phased withdrawals of military forces on either side of the cease-fire line. . . .' I do not wish to question the authenticity of these proposals or go into their merits. Mr Zutshi has, however, mixed up the dates and consequently the sequence of events. The two prime ministers did not hold their first meeting until July 1953, whereas Mr Graham's last report on Kashmir was submitted to the Security Council in March 1953.

Mr Zutshi goes on to say that the situation further deteriorated into 'India's being branded as the aggressor and Pakistan the aggrieved party before the Security Council in 1956 and 1957—in complete disregard and utter denial of the fact that the legally constituted head of the then Kashmir government had executed a perfectly sound and unconditional deed of accession. . . .'

There was no meeting of the Security Council on Kashmir in 1956 and during the consideration of the issue in 1957 India was not named an aggressor.

Mr Zutshi is not correct when he says that the promise to consult the wishes of the people was made by Lord Mountbatten and reiterated by Mr Nehru to the people of Kashmir and had nothing to do with Pakistan. The truth of the matter is that Pandit Nehru also sent numerous communications to the then Prime Minister of Pakistan, assuring him that the future of Kashmir would be decided through a plebiscite. He could not do otherwise because just before the Kashmir imbroglio he had demanded a plebiscite in Junagadh which had acceded to Pakistan and has since been occupied by India. But even if it was accepted, for the sake of argument, that the promise was held out only to the people of Kashmir, does it entitle India to go back on it?

Mr Zutshi then goes on to claim that the Kashmiris have never accepted the two-nation theory of the Muslim League. Mr Zutshi is obviously speaking for himself and a few of his friends. Even in England, there are several thousand Kashmiris who would gladly give the lie to Mr Zutshi's statement. In any case a plebiscite would easily decide the issue and if Mr Zutshi and his friends are so certain why do they not advise the government of India to hold a plebiscite and be done finally with the whole problem?

No one can disagree with Mr Zutshi that the Muslim majority in Kashmir has never committed atrocities against the Hindu minority. This should dispel all doubts that in the event of the Kashmiris voting to join Pakistan any harm would come to the Hindu minority in their state. It can scarcely be used as an argument to deny them their right to self-determination.

Incidentally, in his enthusiasm to list common characteristics of the two communities, Mr Zutshi has described Muslims as 'worshippers' of saints. We Muslims are enjoined by our religion to show respect to pious men of all religions. This, however, does not mean that we worship them.

Finally, Mr Zutshi states that the National Conference even today holds a majority of seats in the Constituent Assembly. The Secretary of the Kashmir Association of Europe does not know that this body was wound up earlier this year.

M. I. BUTT
Press Attaché

Office of the High Commissioner for Pakistan
35 Lowndes Square
London, SW1

RUM CONSERVANCY

SIR,—I am a little puzzled by the direction which J. L. Campbell of Canna and Compton Mackenzie have given to their attack on the Nature Conservancy generally and its policy towards the Isle of Rum in particular. Some of the facts stated in their letter are direct, others oblique contradictions of statements made in the Report of the Nature Conservancy for the year ended 30 September 1957, and therefore imply a charge of deliberate deception, which is more serious, I think, than the suggestion of selfish interference and waste of public money.

If we overlook the trivial discrepancy that the Nature Conservancy claims that some farm stock has been retained, the question still faces us: who did remove the bulk of it, and why? The two accounts differ completely. Will the public have access to the island? Again a contradiction. Is not your correspondents' request for a statement of what members of the Conservancy's committees are in receipt of research grants from the Conservancy itself an implied accusation of concealment of the truth in the lists of grants published in the report? Does not the suggested amendment that "the Conservancy's powers of compulsory purchase of land be restricted' imply that Rum was purchased under those powers?

If the Nature Conservancy are publishing deliberate lies as your correspondents suggest, surely the rot can be stopped, without pressing for amendments to the National Parks Act, by instituting a public inquiry to establish the facts and lead to the removal of the liars.

ROGER HARBEN

115 George Street
London, W1

COMMUNISTS AND THE ETU

SIR,—I was much interested in your reply to Mr J. E. Morgan, who protested at your joining the 'witch hunt' against the Electrical Trades Union. If, however, you have reached a decision to pick up and don the mantle of the late Senator McCarthy that is a matter the merits and motives of which your readers must be the judges.

There are, however, some matters the merits of which may warrant judgment at another tribunal.

In your issue of the 7 December you made a number of categorical statements about the leadership of the ETU without adducing any proof of your assertions.

Thus—to take but one example—you said: 'There have been very strange returns in the ballots by which Communists have won all the national offices and a controlling position on the lay executive'. The inference of this statement is clearly defamatory of the executive officers and executive members, some of whom—like myself—have been returned unopposed.

I would not like it to be supposed by you that all those whom you dub 'Communist bosses' are as indifferent to discredit as your article suggested, and, since you cannot prove your statements, I must ask you to have the courtesy and good sense to withdraw them.

J. HENDY

19 North Hyde Road
Hayes, Middlesex

[Our phrase was ambiguous. Our point was that in some of the ballots there were very strange returns. We see no reason to withdraw this statement. Since Mr Hendy and others were returned unopposed the point does not arise in their case.—ED., *NS.*]

CAPTIVE CINEMA

SIR,—How misleading is William Whitebait's assertion that *Together*, *Le Sang des Bêtes*, *On the Bowery*, and *Christmas is Coming* are to the Captive Cinema TV films 'as a Dylan Thomas poem is to a newspaper article'. He compares four films from three countries with some rather haphazardly chosen samples from the output of Associated-Rediffusion. No other British or foreign TV company was represented in the programme at the National Film Theatre.

The admirable film *On the Bowery* had a partly fictional plot, rigged conversations and a staged beating-up. It is too glibly ludicrous to call this a Dylan Thomas poem (how fashionable can you get?) and an unfaked TV documentary a newspaper article. *American Tourists* was directed by Rollo Gamble and not, as Whitebait states, by Peter Morley. *Look in on London* was written and directed by Michael Ingrams and not, as Whitebait states, by Harry Hart (a cameraman).

DAVID GRIFFITHS

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Edgware

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Emmanuel Shinwell
writes in *TRUTH*

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

England Unchurched

ADMIRERS of the late Joyce Cary will have a lively remembrance of Tom Wilcher, the God-and-sex-intoxicated hero of *To Be a Pilgrim*, a strange shut-in creature who had wished to become a missionary and turned out a solicitor, an imaginative eccentric, alternately assaulting young women and musing on the religious destinies of his country. Cary is not only a fine novelist but he is the poet of English Protestantism through its whole gamut – from humdrum middle-of-the-way C. of E. in its Sabbath galoshes to that weird Adventist-type sect that he christened the Benjamites – and in Wilcher he embodied his own peculiar vision of Christian England. 'England,' reflects the old man,

> took me with her on a few stages of her journey. Because she could not help it. She, poor thing, was born upon the road, and lives in such a dust of travel that she never knows where she is. . . . She is the wandering Dutchman, the pilgrim and scapegoat of the world. Which flings its sins upon her as the old world heaped its sins upon the friars. Her lot is that of all courage, all enterprise. . . . She stands always before all possibility, and that is the youth of the spirit. It is the life of the faithful, who say, 'I am ready. Anywhere at any time'.

This passage kept recurring to me while reading Canon Wickham's bold and haunting account of the religious life of a great English city over the last two hundred years*. The city is Sheffield, where the Canon is Industrial Missioner, and the aim of his book is to further mission work in the area by asking such questions as 'Why are the churches so weak in the most heavily industrialised areas? How came the widespread estrangement of the working classes from the churches? Why the deep cultural divisions in society and the markedly different religious traditions and complexions of the different social groups that are still discernible?' The result of his inquiry is an arresting piece of social detection, a study in urban anthropology that will appeal not only to the Christian reader, intent on charting England's pilgrimage down her long road to eternity, but to any secular historian or student of politics – to anyone, for that matter, interested in the nature of our present society.

From time immemorial Sheffield's 'Sons of Vulcan' were notorious Puritans. A city of small independent journeymen, it was impervious to the influence of an aristocracy or local gentry, who appear to have been thin on the stony ground of south-west Yorkshire in any case. Power resided in the Master Cutler and in the great cutler families, 'forbears of strong eighteenth-century Dissenters', who built the first Independent chapels and set an early brand on the civic *mores*. Beneath this solid bourgeois upper stratum were the working mass of 'little mesters' with their knifesmen, grinders, rollers, forgers and apprentices, wallowing in a sea of beer and happy-go-lucky wretchedness, 'working hard when there was work, drinking hard all the time, devising rude practical jokes on one another, despising the doubtful protective measures of their time, and dying young'. 'Ah, Sheffield! Sheffield! Damn bad place, Sheffield', cried George III, who hated independence of any kind and would have preferred his kingdom to enjoy the mind and feelings of a turnip.

In the late 1730s the first 'Methodistical' preachers began to arrive, gaining ground steadily after the first storms of ridicule and abuse, during which Charles Wesley wrote that the Sheffield men 'exceeded in outrage all I have seen before. Those of Moorfields, Cardiff and Walsall were as *lambs* to these'. By 1779 his brother, now a great and accepted national figure, preached in Paradise Square 'to the largest congregation I ever saw on a weekday'. The great age of Methodism had begun. Both in his early chapters and in his practical conclusions at the end of the book, Canon Wickham is especially good on Wesleyanism, making us realise how the movement's strategy and discipline, its proliferating and cell-like 'classes', the way in which its local leaders kept their small and scattered industrial communities alive and up to the mark by continual preaching and discussion, proved an ideal system for the evangelisation of the late 18th-century working class.

In 1818 a post-Waterloo Parliament, taking tardy stock of the nation's spiritual resources and recognising that thousands of the new industrial working-class were drifting into heathenry (and what was more important, disaffection!) embarked on a huge church building programme, better known as the 'Million Act'. Yet in spite of the great Evangelical revival within the Church of England, the devotion of a re-inspired laity, the achievements of Wilberforce and the Clapham Sect, the drift continued – and only the close in-fighting methods pursued by Wesley and bequeathed to his successors could hope to halt it.

> The rapid development of Methodist chapels is therefore understandable, at a time when the Church of England moved slowly, massively, and ponderously, a dinosaur among smaller livelier mammals. The Methodists had complete local freedom to develop their own flexible way; their buildings could be makeshift and economical; they could start 'causes' or stop them, or remove them elsewhere, and above all they were rooted in local groups far too small to be considered for episcopal chapels of ease. They required only a preacher, who could be a layman, and zeal – and they had both. Where the National Church required an Act of Parliament, a grant of money, an educated gentleman and a crop of lawyers, the Methodists required only a friendly barn and a zealous preacher. The fact that the Methodist chapels could grow fashionable, and take on all the characteristics of a stable pew-renting congregation, did not prevent the more humble developments elsewhere.

While Wesley was perhaps the greatest missioner since St Paul, he was as much a Tory as Hannah More herself; indeed, his principles were almost identical with that lady's celebrated address to the women of Shipham. From this fact stemmed the famous Wesleyan 'paternalism' – a narrow, conservative spirit that was to have evil consequences in the next generation and strengthen Methodism's sad tendency to excommunicate its liberal extremists, who thereafter formed splinter connexions of their own. All this Canon Wickham analyses diligently and with a rueful wit. On the reverse side of the Dissenting medal, he traces the strange and bracing connection between Nonconformity and the radicalism of the 1790s when, according to one local witness, 'to many, even profound ministers of the Gospel, it (Tom Paine's *Rights of Man*) appeared to become dearer than their Bible, and their visits to their flocks were made with the *Rights of Man* in their pockets, to induce them to read it'. It is fascinating, as he says, 'to speculate on what the future might have held had this particular axis been maintained.'

And so, by way of the Chartists, Primitive Methodism, Dr Arnold and the 'Bleak Age' we embark on the broad sea of mid- and late-nineteenth-century religion. These are the 'Boom Years', with Bible classes 700 strong and Watch-Night services numbered in their thousands, years of swelling and iniquitous pew-rents and well-filled pews (with an ever decreasing number of the poor set in draughty corners or behind pillars, or eking out the aisles), years that saw churches and chapels in Ruskinian red brick rising up in the suburbs of an ever-expanding Sheffield. Temperance crusades, Sankey and Moody, the entrance of the Salvation Army upon the scene in the late 1870s – the pattern is familiar enough. Yet, with all this activity, the dark side of the picture was growing also. Even as the population increased, the proportion of churchgoers continued steadily to drop. Slowly, parish by parish, Sheffield – the microcosm of Christian England – stripped herself of religion and of her religious past, becoming the image of the 'unchurched nation' that we know today. 'Secularism', an increasingly mobile population, the churches' self-conscious preoccupation with their own affairs ('establishment and disestablishment, ritualism and Romanism, the controversies on education, burial acts and deceased wife's sisters!'), above all the Great War – the causes were manifold and all too obvious.

In his summing-up Canon Wickham outlines what almost amounts to a policy for re-evangelising industrial Britain. His nostrums include intensive non-parochial missions, strategically geared to industry and cutting across diocesan boundaries; an attempt to give a new shape to the church, consonant with a changed society in which so many men and women 'live in one district, work in another, and go elsewhere for their leisure pursuits and community of interests'; above all he thinks, we need a new and laical approach to theology, a new Christian 'prophecy', designed to attract the vast mass of non-believers who have grown up in an almost wholly secular world and who are only now being reached on a nation-wide scale by the revolutionary change that has recently come over TV religious broadcasting. (I am surprised that Canon Wickham

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* *Church and People in an Industrial City*. By E. R. WICKHAM. *Lutterworth*. 30s.

† *Essays in Liberality*. By ALEC R. VIDLER. *SCM Press*. 15s.

makes no mention of this, for the Christian the only optimistic beacon in a sea of pessimism.)

The need for a new theological presentation is echoed by Dr Vidler in his arresting book of essays – the work of a Christian social philosopher who has really thought out his basic principles†. Like the Canon, Dr Vidler sees no hope in revivalism of the Billy Graham type; nor can we expect much hope from what he calls the 'mediating' or academic theologians. ('No one in his senses would suppose that there is a God who has revealed himself only for the benefit of clergymen and teachers of divinity. . . my forecast is that, if there is a revival of theology, it will be primarily the work of laymen.') As a result, he concludes, in his sixth and most exciting essay,

> Instead of denouncing the materialism of the age, which is a very easy thing to do, Christians would be better occupied in discovering how the evident tendency of the Welfare State to make us all preoccupied with security and cosiness can be effectively balanced by contrary provisions that will keep us aware of our ultimate insecurity except in the hands of our Saviour, and that will prevent our being cushioned against everything in the real world that makes for doubt, tension, struggle, loneliness, eccentricity, and dying to live. There is no need now for churches to agitate – as they should have done in the nineteenth century – for the introduction of elementary social justice, nor need they any longer seek to compete with the social services on their own ground. Churches should rather be now finding out how within the Welfare State they may become disturbing community centres where things are not made easy but are seen to be difficult, and where the dark and bewildering, as well as the glorious and reassuring, mysteries of existence, of which the Bible is the textbook, are revealed to the imagination of a famished generation. . . . It means that there will be a more disturbing, haunting quality and power than there is as yet in the visual arts and poetry and music to which the Church seems to be most commonly wedded. It means that the last thing people who go to church will be inclined to say is that it was a very nice service.

In such a context, Christian England, if she can no longer claim to be 'the pilgrim and scapegoat of the world', may yet turn out to be the domestic pilgrim and bestirrer of the community.

JOHN RAYMOND

Nocturne: Budapest

How many people, now that night
dims out her lights, are sleeping
simply in expectancy to wake
where everything is casual, falls out right,
and every gesture holds out promises?

In beds where sleep remains unbroken,
which no dread shakes, the breath
lies quietly beside its bodies'
simple sleeping: no interruption there
nor intimations of untimely death.

No phonecalls of disaster, human weeping,
no dumb deformities of limb or thought,
where most of us, as night
turns off her lights, are sleeping
far out of range of shell or rifle-shot.

TOM BUCHAN

Tritons and Minnows

An African Survey: Revised. By LORD HAILEY. *Oxford.* £5 5*s*.

Princes of Zinj. By GENESTA HAMILTON. *Hutchinson.* 21*s*.

African Tapestry. By MARGARET TROWELL. *Faber.* 21*s*.

South Africa in Transition. By ALAN PATON and DAN WEINER. *Scribners.* 30*s*.

Mary Kingsley. By OLWEN CAMPBELL. *Methuen.* 21*s*.

The production of books by Europeans about Africans goes on, unchecked. One day, no doubt, the tables will be turned, and Africans will produce an even vaster literature about us: about our ceremonials, magic, kinship structures, systems of native administration, our backward economies, the problems of our *évalués*, our touristic possibilities, and the rest. They will discuss, in millions of words, what can be done to improve us, or whether (with all our faults) we had best be left as we are. Indeed, they have already started. We are already under the microscope. But what will it feel like when Africans can command all the resources of a fully literate society?

Lord Hailey's tremendous *Survey* stands in a class by itself. Lord Hailey himself belongs to the great tradition of African encyclopaedists, of Ludolphus and Leo Africanus, who have sought to enclose Africa in a folio. The *Survey* should really have been given the kind of title which would indicate its links with the Renaissance authorities – '*Totius Ethiopiae, Regnorum, Gentium et Linguarum Omnium Descriptio Universalis*', or something of the kind. It is a remarkable achievement, this geographical-demographic - ethnographic - linguistic - political - constitutional - legal - economic - educational - medical - scientific inventory of Africa south of the Sahara. Under each head a synoptic account of the general situation is reinforced by territory-by-territory comparisons: so that if, for example, you want to know what is (or was, at the end of 1955, when the revision was completed) the state of the school system in Ruanda-Urundi, or how local government is organised in Angola, the essential information is here. No one in the foreseeable future is likely to attempt the same sort of completeness; so that, in spite of the rapid pace of social and political change in modern Africa, the revised *Survey* is likely to remain indispensable as a work of reference for a long time to come.

How much value this kind of static, descriptive, classificatory study of Africa still has is another question. Lord Hailey gives us an administrator's-eye view. Situations, institutions, developments, problems, are described and discussed, for the most part with great care and thoroughness, but essentially in the form in which they appear on the European administrator's table. In this respect the basic plan of the original, 1938, *African Survey* has been retained. But the dynamics of African societies – urbanisation, the changing social structure, the growth of popular organisations, the rise of new elites, the tensions within emergent African States, intercommunication across the old colonial frontiers – these cannot easily be fitted into this tight administrative scheme. They burst the seams. And, though Lord Hailey has, in the course of his revision, imported much excellent new wine, I wonder whether enough attention has been given to the state of the pre-war bottles.

Whatever one may think about the approach, Lord Hailey's massive work commands respect and admiration. The other items are relatively lightweights (literally as well as metaphorically). Lady Claud Hamilton has written a racy, nostalgic, impressionistic account of the last hundred years of Zanzibar history: John Buchan with a dash of P. C. Wren. Her criteria are simple: pro-British rulers are good guys; anti-British rulers are bad guys; non-rulers are scarcely guys at all. Mrs Trowell is a much more serious person: a *grande dame*, reflecting sensitively, intelligently, liberally, on almost thirty years of life in East Africa, most of it spent in Uganda. Mrs Trowell's major contribution has been in the field of African art; and the most interesting parts of her book are those in which she describes how she worked out her own and Marion Richardson's ideas about art teaching in the Uganda setting, and built up the present flourishing school of Art at Makerere. The disadvantage of this kind of book is that the experience of a rich, interesting, and useful life does not necessarily provide the raw material for good literature. Hence *African Tapestry* has at times a somewhat cloying taste – like a too ripe mango. There is more of the stuff of African life – the misery and the ecstasy, the brutality and the revolt – in this excellent picture-book by Alan Paton and Dan Weiner, a restrained documentary about contemporary South Africa, mainly designed (I suppose) for Americans, who, conditioned by TV, appear to be entering the twilight of the Age of Literacy.

Thank God for Mary Kingsley, that marvellously perceptive woman, that remarkable satirist, who sought truth by using her sharp wit to expose humbug and complacency, and revealed the absurdity of European myths about Africans by turning them inside out:

> . . . I know that there is a general opinion among the leading men of both races that Christianity will give the one possible solution to the whole problem [of race relations]. I fail to be able to believe this. I fail to believe Christianity will bring peace between the two races, for the simple reason that though it may be possible to convert Africans *en masse* into practical Christians it is quite impossible to convert Europeans *en masse* to it.

While it is good that Miss Campbell should have collected these extracts from Mary Kingsley's two major works, and from a number of unpublished letters, it is a pity that she should have thought it necessary to throw in her own often banal, and sometimes inaccurate, comments.

THOMAS HODGKIN

Maxims

Mainly on the Air. By MAX BEERBOHM. *Heinemann.* 21*s*.

One of the best-known of the late Sir Max Beerbohm's caricatures depicts 'Robert Browning, taking tea with the Browning Society'. It portrays the poet, robust, masculine and florid, stirring his tea with manly fingers, surrounded by a pale and sickly caucus of milksops. As in most Beerbohm drawings, the irony is double-edged: for a twinkle in Browning's expression suggests that he rather enjoys the adulation of these dim shapeless spinsters and wan, bespectacled young men.

With due respect to the dead and the English, Sir Max's own more eccentric admirers must sometimes have suggested the subject for a similar caricature. One imagines it, mild and pointed, somewhat as follows. The scene is a railway station, richly Edvardian in its crenellated woodwork and subfusc green paint. Sir Max himself, jaunty in the famous boater, is being assisted into his compartment, a luxurious relic of travel in the

Nineties, with frosted-glass patterns on the windows, crisp antimacassars, and heavy curtains of purple velours. Smiling benignly, he disdains assistance, but is grateful to his helpers, a team of feature-writers from the BBC. On the platform, excitedly waving, are the members of the Beerbohm Society – some Old Carthusians, a mincing young dandy with greying hair, various pillars of the Establishment, a handful of belles-lettrists with red-rimmed eyes, and a portly opponent of Dr Leavis, carrying *Zuleika Dobson* and wearing a campaign button proclaiming 'I know what I like', together with some Browning Society survivors and a group of Angry Old Gentlemen in Bath chairs.

Mainly on the Air, it must be admitted, contains something for all these admirers. When it was originally published in 1946, the greater part of its contents, in fact, was of this kind. It then consisted of six broadcast talks given between 1935 and 1945, and six essays or sketches. At least two of the talks, and one of the essays, would have pleased the Old Gentlemen; several would have delighted the belles-lettrists; one was expressly written for the Carthusians; and only the brilliant pastiche 'T. Fenning Dodworth' – the portrait, one might say, of a political Oliver Edwards – recalled the vintage Beerbohm of *A Christmas Garland* and *Seven Men*. The new edition of *Mainly on the Air*, by contrast, makes a very different impression. Its physical appearance is no longer demeaned by 'the authorised economy standards'; and it adds to its predecessor's more meagre contents eight more broadcasts and the 1943 Rede Lecture on Lytton Strachey, previously published only in pamphlet form by the Cambridge University Press. The new broadcasts include the famous affectionately irreverent portrait of George Moore, a wry account of meeting Henry James, memories of Yeats, Marie Lloyd, Hall Caine, and Irving, and an impeccably executed literary leg-pull entitled 'Hethway Speaking'. Not all of these would delight the more prominent members of the Beerbohm Society described above: but other readers – non-members, as it were – will much enjoy them.

All, in their way, are finished works of art. Just as even the limpest, most seemingly amateurish, of Beerbohm's drawings has a strength and balance more evident in his early work for *Pick-Me-Up*, so even the gentlest, most casual of the broadcasts is carefully shaped and planned. In his Rede Lecture, Beerbohm speaks admiringly of Strachey's mastery of prose: and his words exemplify, as well as describe, the qualities he singles out.

> Note the mellow and leisurely benignity of the cadences in which he writes of Lord Melbourne – 'the autumn rose', as he called him. Note the sharp brisk straightforward buoyancy of the writing whenever Lord Palmerston appears; and the elaborate Oriental richness of manner when Mr Disraeli is on the scene.

Only Beerbohm, surely, could have called the late Dr Joad 'that agile and mellifluous quodlibetarian'.

There are many similar, and better, felicities in *Mainly on the Air*. I particularly treasure its remark on George Moore's appearance in company: 'It would be an under-statement to say that his face was as a mask which revealed nothing. His face was as a mask of gauze through which Nothing was quite clearly visible.' And others besides Old Gentlemen will approve his plea to motorists:

> No doubt we pedestrians are very trying. But . . . remember, it isn't we that are threatening to kill *you*. It is you who are threatening to kill *us*. And if we are rather flustered, and occasionally do the wrong thing, you should make allowances – and, if the worst comes to the worst, lay some flowers on our graves.

The Max of these essays, then, is not always the ineffectual ironist, the writer of elegantly empty trifles, the nostalgic old fogy, the mild wag or the *petit maître*. One sees him rather as a sensitive, kindly, and very intelligent man, with a keen and subtle wit. 'I always longed', he says, 'to be grown-up.' Oxford enchanted him, a shy freshman, for that very reason. From the first, he pretended to be an old gentleman, mocking thereby the Old Gentlemen who nowadays may miss the point of his early essays if they forget his age at the time. But if his pose in a sense thus overpowered him, he has left behind a surprisingly extensive bibliography. His best work, including much of his dramatic criticism, is in its kind supreme. A master of form, yes: but such is the nature of art that form can act as a remarkable preservative. And if *Mainly on the Air* suggests an unkindly drawing of the Beerbohm Society, waving farewell to the last Edvardian, it also suggests the course of his journey – to posterity, via Oxford, London, and Rapallo.

RICHARD MAYNE

Oblique Self-Portrait

Dance and Magic Drama in Ceylon. By BERYL DE ZOETE. *Faber*. 36*s*.

Beryl de Zoete is a character. Though the present book is designed to be about the dances and magic dramas still to be found in the villages of Ceylon, it is really about Beryl de Zoete. There is, of course, a lot on dancing and magic, but it is Miss de Zoete among the dancers and magicians, losing her glasses, losing her camera's light-meter, forgetting her fan, eating her dinner, panting, as she says, like an old cab-horse, exhausting herself (and her friends, who fall asleep often), getting soaked, sitting up all night and industriously noting down oddities, who takes the centre of the stage. The result is an unusual self-portrait, whose obliqueness of presentation (for she does not mean to paint herself) is its charm. All her intention is to describe her search for what I suppose must be a vanishing art, for dancing as magic (to cure you of illness, deliver you from evil) is a survival which cannot survive much longer.

The book has this air of autobiography partly because of its diary form. The bulk of it consists of extracts from daily notes made in Ceylon in the course of 1948. This gives it the immediacy of a contemporary document. You are shown a woman, mad on oriental dancing, struggling round tropical Ceylon and ferreting out dances under great difficulties. In some of her descriptions she adopts a sort of anthropological fieldwork style, a tabulation of things seen, strings of facts, Sinhalese words, little if any explanation or general conclusions. But very soon, quite unlike the professional researcher, she is marvelling at the view, dropping thoughts which have lovely tone, giving some fool a scratch or brute a slog, climbing the curtains and running upside-down on the ceiling, like a very happy spirit. It is a fantastical book, straight out of the heart.

Here are three extracts to show her quality:

> I forgot to note the man in Madras who sat on the pavement in Mount Road and continually bent forward crying: Amen! Amen! A small naked child sat beside him all day. What a strange beginning to life!

Of the dancer Guneya's miming in a *wannam* she says: 'The king's walk was very fine, threatening and arrogant; but also smoothly royal and full of grace'. And of elephants: 'On the road back to Kandy I saw an elephant carrying in his trunk a huge bundle of green leaves, no doubt for his supper. He looked like a moving house . . . I never got used to their monumental delicacy'. The book is drenched with emotion: the style carries it stoutly. Of it may be said what Hugh Nevill (as she quotes him) wrote of Ravana's hold: 'No king could picture any treasure which he would not find there'.

MAURICE COLLIS

The Terrible Deep Voice

Politics and the Poet: A Study of Wordsworth. By F. M. TODD. *Methuen*. 25*s*.

People have been so busy reaffirming or refuting the nineteenth-century 'Lost Leader' view of Wordsworth that they have failed to notice how dull a subject they are pursuing. Wordsworth began as a commonplace republican pamphleteer, deriving his ideas from Paine and Godwin; and he ended his life a muddled Tory. The muddle has itself a certain interest – particularly the cloud-cuckoo feudal paternalism which he devised as a refuge for his persisting sense of social justice; and, as Dicey showed long ago, Wordsworth had something new to say about international affairs. But most of this literature on Wordsworth's politics is a monument to the delusion that everything to do with a man of genius deserves minute study.

Professor Todd describes his book as 'an explanation and not a defence of Wordsworth's political development'. He wisely avoids the well-worn paths of controversy and, striking out on his own, achieves success of two kinds. In the first place, his book (which began life as a Ph. D. thesis and which still wears an academic air of sobriety and patient documentation) contains new information about Wordsworth's undergraduate life and about his literary connections – notably with Helen Maria Williams, whose poetry blended sensibility and political liberalism to her fame and profit. Such additions to knowledge, although their general interest is slight, do not occur every day.

Secondly, Professor Todd's book is what he claims it to be – an explanation. He provides a historical framework for Wordsworth's views on Reform, Ireland, Nonconformists, Catholic emancipation; and those jeremiads which once appeared almost splendidly hysterical are now seen, in the light of what sensible conservatives were saying and doing and fearing at that time, to have been sadly ordinary. This placing of the poet in a wide political context is well done, and it is seriously inadequate only as regards the Industrial Revolution. Professor Todd might have said much more than he does: he might have quoted, among many statements of a similar kind, the letter which Wordsworth wrote to *The Morning Post* about the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway:

> Instead of tempting artisans and labourers, and the humbler classes of shopkeepers, to ramble at a distance, let us rather look with lively sympathy upon persons in that condition, when, upon a holiday, or on a Sunday, after having attended divine worship, they make little excursions with their wives and children among neighbouring fields . . .

This thinly veiled horror of the new urban proletariat is barely mentioned in any of the books, but without it one cannot understand the bewilderment of his later years, or the feelings awakened, as he sat in Rydal Mount dreading the trippers,

by the memory of his own setting-out to be the poet of humble life.

Politics, even in the widest sense, were a very small part of the man – of the grim old insomniac ('a desolate-minded man, you know'), the solitary walker and skater ('Why, he could cut his own name upon the ice, could Mr. Wordsworth'), the night-prowler 'humming and booing about' as he recited his own poetry in a 'terrible great deep voice'. The craft of verse and Christianity, with interplay of pride ('I have no need of a Redeemer') and humility, are the important things; but in so far as there is any interest in Wordsworth's politics, Professor Todd has succeeded in bringing it out.

JOHN JONES

Sublime or Ridiculous?

The Bombs of Orsini. By MICHAEL ST. JOHN PACKE. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

The *Zeitgeist* of modern Italy hovers precariously between the sublime and the ridiculous. *I Promessi Sposi, Aida,* Milan railway station, the Papal encyclicals – at any moment, the tone of high seriousness these works aspire to is liable to dissolve into ludicrous comedy. This dichotomy finds its purest expression in the lives of Italy's national heroes: Mazzini, Garibaldi, Orsini – and, we might add, Mussolini. Were they idealists or fools? It all depends on the angle of vision. The Victorians who, unlike us, did not have to suffer the consequences of a century of unbridled nationalism, took the Italian nationalists seriously. Orsini's pathetic scribblings became best-sellers, Mazzini was feted by the literary lions and surrounded by a cosy circle of adoring spinsters. London swarmed with bloodthirsty conspirators and when, after Orsini's attempt to blow up Napoleon III, Palmerston tried to get rid of some of them, his government was promptly overthrown. A London jury, in the teeth of the evidence, did not hesitate to acquit Orsini's accomplice, the unsavoury Dr Bernard. Today, we tend to take a more jaundiced view of their modern equivalents: Colonel Nasser, Dr Mossadeq and Archbishop Makarios. And, perhaps in consequence, we look back on the heroes of the *Risorgimento* more in contempt than sympathy.

In his new life of Orsini, Mr Michael St John Packe has carefully avoided both these extremes of sentiment. He has gone to immense trouble to find out the sober facts of Orsini's exotic and confusing career, and the result is a graceful and convincing book. It cannot have been easy either to compile or write. At the age of sixteen, Orsini killed his uncle's cook – by accident, so he claimed. The incident set the tone of his entire life: a curious blend of violence and naive innocence. Then followed twenty years of incessant travelling and plotting, four disastrous invasions of Italy, various imprisonments, complicated squabbles with his wife, fellow-conspirators, neurotic poets and other lights of the revolutionary underworld, and the final ill-fated trip to Paris.

To weave a coherent and readable story out of this monotonous catalogue of failure is, in itself, an achievement. But Mr Packe has done more than this: he has made Orsini into a convincing human being. For Orsini was not just a pale reflection of Mazzini, nor was he an unprincipled egomaniac, clothing his abnormal passion for violence with a veneer of idealism. He was essentially a practical man of action, willing to sacrifice his life, and even his republican views, in the cause of a united Italy. He was a good soldier and during the short-lived Roman Republic, he proved himself an efficient administrator, too. His escape from the fearful Mantua fortress was brilliantly conceived and executed. He had few illusions about Mazzini's hair-brained schemes to liberate Italy by force, and took part in them only out of a dogged sense of loyalty, and because there seemed no other practical outlet for his devotion to the cause. His life, in fact, was spent looking for a leader, and after even his patience was exhausted by Mazzini's malevolence and callousness, he did not hesitate to offer his services to Cavour, though this meant surrendering his republican convictions. Had not Cavour, with cold political realism, rejected them, Orsini would undoubtedly have played a distinguished role in the eventual victory.

How, then, can we explain his final, monstrous act? In every respect it was uncharacteristic of him. He had never believed in assassination. The murder of Napoleon would have solved none of Italy's problems. His confederates were singularly ill-chosen. The planning of the assassination and, even more so, the get-away, do not reveal the hand of the experienced conspirator he was. His own movements before and after the attempt, have a dream-like quality. Could it be, as Mr Packe hints, that he was insane at the time? He had suffered from brain-storms before. It seems possible that his breach with his life-long idol, Mazzini, and his rejection by Cavour, combined with the depressing atmosphere of the Italian colony in London, induced a manic-depressive spell, in which revenge on the man who had sabotaged the Roman Republic – the only happy period of Orsini's life – might seem a natural step.

If so, there is no doubt that he recovered his wits immediately afterwards, perhaps as a direct result of the explosion, in which he was injured. With masterly skill, he turned total failure into unforeseen success. His carefully selective confession, his impassioned court-room defence, his brilliant letters to Napoleon – asking, not for forgiveness, but for the liberation of Italy – succeeded in convincing Napoleon that his overriding duty was to expel the Austrians. He exacted the highest possible price for his life – the action of a brave, but also of an exceptionally level-headed man. Most assassins achieve results diametrically opposed to their purpose. The irony of Orsini's life is that his sole contribution to the cause it was devoted to was the consequence of the only deed for which he felt any shame.

PAUL JOHNSON

Insider Out

Journey to Java. By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Constable.* 21*s.*

On his seventieth birthday two hundred and fifty-five of Sir Harold Nicolson's friends gave him a large cheque. He used it to go, with his wife, on a round trip to Java. He made no political investigations. 'I was careful not to mention *Apartheid* in Capetown, or to discourse upon minority rights in Colombo and Singapore.' And while Lady Nicolson, in a nearby cabin, sorted out the letters Virginia Woolf wrote her and composed 40,000 words of her biography of La Grande Mademoiselle, Sir Harold inquired industriously into 'causeless melancholy' and into the reasons why 'the *maladie du siècle* of the nineteenth century produced languorous melancholy, whereas that of the twentieth century is distinguished by fear and anger'. Fire drives out fire: the journey gave Sir Harold 'two of the happiest months which, in a life of wholly unmerited felicity, I have ever enjoyed'. The book that resulted is a mixture, in a pianissimo Norman Douglas manner, of travel-diary and specialised scholarship.

The inquiry is not as daunting as it sounds. It turns out to be a series of little essays on malcontents of many ages. Rousseau, Byron, Amiel, Kierkegaard and Cyril Connolly are among those discussed. Sir Harold's expositions are always clear; they become entertaining when he is moved by prejudice, when he is savaging Rousseau or extolling Amiel. He decides that melancholy is never causeless; and he recognises three characteristics: insecurity, maladjustment and 'guilt-feelings generated by a failure in self-fulfilment'.

But the interest of *Journey to Java* does not lie so much in Sir Harold's inquiry as in Sir Harold himself. His publishers, wrongly, I think, compare this book to *Some People.* In his pursuit of ideas Sir Harold seems to have lost some interest in private faces. A second-class passenger falls overboard and is lost; the matter is dismissed in a paragraph. On the other hand, Sir Harold spends two pages examining his annoyance with a passenger who has volunteered the latest Test Match score. The narrator of *Some People* was detached and urbane. Today the detachment has gone and the urbanity is seasoned with prejudices and a curious egoism: 'I do not bet, not because I do not enjoy games of chance, but because I should hate being stared at by the other passengers if I happened to win.' Sir Harold has the good essayist's gift of unembarrassing self-revelation. He tells us when he takes his bath, when he reads, when he writes. We know what he thinks he looks like. *Journey to Java* could aptly be sub-titled 'Portrait of the Artist at Seventy'.

But the diary of a journey lasting two months cannot altogether escape superficiality, and the descriptions of day-trips to Capetown, Colombo and Singapore, one barely distinguishable from the other, are the least successful things in the book. The six days in Java are a blur of introductions, meals and car-trips. 'We are then taken to a tea factory. The first stage is that of drying. The fresh leaves are spread . . .' Fortunately, such moments are not frequent and Sir Harold himself does not relish them. 'What we love are the long empty days at sea, when we can go down to our cabins and read and read . . .'

All right. But how can you make a good book out of that?

V. S. NAIPAUL

Gramophone Records

COMPARED with what was to be had only a decade ago, the range and variety of contemporary music available on disc is positively cornucopian. But there are still aching gaps, and many of these are recordings which are available in America and on the Continent but are not to be had here. The main culprit is Philips, who control American Columbia's list in this country, and who are sitting on recordings of works as essential as Stravinsky's *Symphony in Three Movements,* the Schoenberg Quartets, Berg's *Wozzeck* and *Lyric Suite.* In reply to such complaints the recording companies are wont to point to the relative smallness of the English record market. In Western Europe records, like books, in the main pass freely from one country to another, whereas here customs duty is maintained at a level that makes it prohibitive to import discs as such, with the result that foreign companies such as American Columbia are obliged to do their pressings for the English market in England. Such protective arrangements are, of course, very nice for the English companies, if

less attractive for the English consumer. But how do they fit in with the Unesco agreement, which this country has signed, about the free movement of cultural materials?

The curious thing is that in many ways Philips is an enterprising company and its list contains a considerable amount of music for which demand must be marginal. It is only when it comes to the less immediately approachable contemporary works that it suddenly loses its nerve. I find it hard to believe that, for instance, there is a greater demand for Schmidt's Fourth Symphony, which Philips has recently issued, than for Stravinsky's *Symphony in Three Movements*. The real trouble here would seem to be hidebound musical taste rather than shrewd financial calculation. Philips would perform a public service in re-examining this matter. That a fabulous disc on which Lotte Lenya sings Weill songs should not be available is purely pure silliness, as misguided on economic grounds as it is on cultural.

To pass, however, from present discontents to present blessings, there has been a liberal outpouring of Bartok in recent months. There are, for instance, four new versions of the *Concerto for Orchestra*. My preference here is for Reiner and the Chicago SO on HMV, although in some ways Fricsay, who conducts the Berlin Radio Orchestra on DGG, shows a slightly more sensitive approach to the music and gives a performance that is alive and full of beautiful detail. But this is a work that calls for virtuosity and it certainly gets it from the Chicago players, who in power, precision and sheer brilliance outclass their German rivals and get a better recording to boot, while Reiner's masterful handling of the score is musically distinguished as well as exciting. Ansermet on Decca and Ormandy on Philips also ran.

Contemporary Landmarks
in the
1957 Vox Catalogue

BARTOK
Music for Strings, Percussion & Celesta
Sonata for Two Pianos & Percussion
Zelka & Brendel, pianos; Pro Musica Orch., Stuttgart, cond. Reinhardt **PL 9600**
"*An outstanding performance of Bartok's Sonata*"
COLIN MASON in The SPECTATOR, 19 April 1957

PROKOFIEV
The Prodigal Son, Ballet
New York City Ballet Orch., cond. Barzin **PL 9310**
"*The performance . . . is most satisfying . . . . The recording too is first class. I can thoroughly recommend this disc.*"
MALCOLM RAYMENT in the GRAMOPHONE RECORD REVIEW, August 1957

STRAVINSKY
The Rite of Spring
The Firebird, Suite
Südwestfunk Orch., Baden-Baden, cond. Horenstein **PL 10,430**
"*The more we hear from Mr Horenstein the more we admire his gifts . . . .*
. . . in the Firebird Suite the beauty of tone and phrasing delighted the ear."
Review of Royal Festival Hall concert in THE TIMES, 2 December 1957

VOX

It is less easy to make any clear-cut recommendation about three rival versions of the *Music for Celesta, Percussion and Strings*, and a decisive factor here is the question of coupling. On Vox there is a very vigorous and concentrated performance by the Stuttgart Pro Musica Orchestra under Reinhardt. Its failings are a rather heavy and forward string tone, and a somewhat unsubtle sense of timbre and rhythm. Nonetheless it is a gripping affair and, coupled with the *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion* (see below), remarkably good value. Van Beinum and the Concertgebouw Orchestra on Philips offer the best recording and by far and away the finest string playing. The performance is exciting, has the required subtlety of palette and is rhythmically highly charged. But there are one or two passages that are handled in a glossy, superficial manner and the coupling is with a mediocre performance of Kodaly's *Hary Janos*. In many ways my own preference is for Boult on Nixa, for he combines Reinhardt's concentration and insight with van Beinum's feeling for timbre and rhythm, although his handling of the latter is elegant rather than fierce, and to this he adds a poetic distinction all his own. The result is less exciting than van Beinum but, taken in the whole, truer to the music, while the coupling with the *Divertimento* for strings is attractive. The drawback is, however, the mean and nasty string tone of the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra of London. The Vox *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion* is a robust and whole-hearted affair that just misses the distinction of the performance by Picht-Axenfeld and Seemann on a ten-inch DGG, but it is decisively superior to a new Argo version that is coupled with *Contrasts*. The clarinet part of this odd yet intriguing work is brilliantly played by Brymer, but he receives indifferent support from Grinke. The recording is good, and in the sonata somewhat better than Vox's.

Mercury has reissued Dorati's performances with the Chicago SO of Kodaly's *Peacock Variations* and the suite from Bartok's *Miraculous Mandarin*. Both are extremely well played, but I like the sound much less than I did, for it now strikes me as brilliant but badly lacking solidity in passages for full orchestra, while the piano is virtually inaudible and the brass tinny. A performance by the Orchestre des Cento Soli (what names they invent!) under Karel Husa issued by the Record Society (70 Brook St, W1) is exciting and lucid, and the recording is in the main much fuller and better balanced than its rival. It also enjoys an interesting coupling with Bartok's Rhapsodies Nos. 1 and 2 for Violin and Orchestra, in which the admirably idiomatic soloist is Devy Erlih. But the balance here is very poor with the violinist fiddling intimately into your ear while the orchestra churn away off-stage.

Le Baiser de la Fée is one of Stravinsky's most enchanting ballet scores and the whole work is for the first time available on a well-recorded Philips disc. Perhaps the performance by the admirable Cleveland Orchestra under the composer lacks the insinuating magic of Ansermet, but it is lucid, pungent and extremely well played. Another Stravinsky rarity is a single disc Columbia recording of his early opera, *Le Rossignol*, a fascinating if uneven work that shows the composer in the process of breaking out of the purely Russian tradition of his early works. The performance under Cluytens and a French cast is on an acceptable Opéra Comique level of competence. But when is Columbia going to let us hear Cluytens' version of *Perséphone*, which is certainly not inferior to this as a performance?

Monteux's *Petrushka* on an excellently recorded RCA disc is by any standards a very fine performance, and coupled with his efficient if somewhat prosaic account of the suite from *The Firebird* represents exceptionally good value. Yet to my ears Ansermet's version, which Decca has reissued as one of its Fifty Popular Classics, has an evocative poetry and a beauty of texture that sets it apart, in spite of one or two noisy tape joins, rather fizzy strings and the fact that it occupies the entire disc. Similarly Decca's reissue in the same series of the complete *Firebird*, also under Ansermet, is miraculously beautiful. This conductor and his Suisse Romande Orchestra between them achieve a unique distinction in early Stravinsky and I had hoped to include mention of their new *Rite of Spring*. This has unfortunately been delayed, but in the meanwhile a performance by Monteux and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra on a brilliant RCA recording fails to shake my allegiance to Fricsay's more haunting and mysterious account on DGG. Finally, a well-recorded DGG disc carries excellent performances by Andor Foldes of Stravinsky's *Piano Sonata*, Barber's delightful little *Excursions* and Copland's *Piano Sonata*.

On DGG Hindemith conducts the Berlin Philharmonic in performances of a number of his own works. His account of the symphony from *Mathis der Maler* is sober to the point of austerity. But it has a curiously moving conviction lacking in Steinberg's more dashing but superficial performance on a superior Capitol recording, on which it is coupled with Toch's Third Symphony, a hollow anthology of twentieth-century symphonic gambits. Hindemith's performance of his *Symphonic Dances* which, like his *Mathis* symphony, is on a ten-inch disc, could, I feel, do with a little of Steinberg's dash and brilliance. The recording is good although rather backward woodwind deprives it of freshness. In the *Symphonic Metamorphoses* on a theme of Weber I prefer a vigorous performance on Telefunken by Keiberth and the Hamburg Philharmonic to the composer's positively soporific version on DGG. The Telefunken coupling with the fine suite from the ballet, *Nobilissima Visione*, given an insufficiently lucid performance for so contrapuntal a score, is to my mind of more interest than *The Four Temperaments* which occupies the reverse side of the DGG disc. Janos Starker and Leon Pommers give an exceptionally strong performance of the early *Cello Sonata* Op. 11 No. 3, which is coupled to a superb account of Bartok's *Rhapsody No. 1* for Cello and Piano in which Starker excels himself. The Nixa recording captures the cello faithfully but the piano sounds far too remote.

Finally, a number of worth-while recordings that for want of space I must treat summarily. Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* and *An American in Paris* are given splendid performances by the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra under Felix Slatkin, excellent recording on a Capitol disc, and Pennario is a brilliant exponent of the Rhapsody. Walton's *Symphony* gets a lucid and coherent performance from Boult on Nixa, but the recording lacks solidity, while neither the strings nor the brass of the Promenade Philharmonic is up to the standard of the woodwind.

Blacher has little emotional weight as a composer but he is a master-craftsman in matters of texture and rhythm and his clean, unpretentious music knows its own limitations. The *Concertante Music for Orchestra* and the *Piano Concerto No. 2* make an attractive coupling on a ten-inch DGG 45 disc, and both works are excellently performed by Rosbaud and the Berlin Philharmonic. Falla's *El Amor Brujo* is given a first-rate performance by Ansermet, although de Gabarain's voice is a bit unsteady and lacks earthiness. Apart from

the fact she is at moments too near the microphone the recording is extremely good. Supraphon have issued a most attractive coupling of Prokofiev's *Symphony No. 7* with his early and too little known *Piano Concerto No. 1.* Svjatoslav Richter gives a stupendous performance of the latter that entirely outclasses Lympany on a plum label MV. The Supraphon recording is not so bad as the opening bars of the concerto suggest, and the Czech Philharmonic (who also accompany) offer on the other side a warm, affectionate performance of the symphony under Anosov in a reasonably adequate recording.

* * *

Inadequate labelling of the Record Society's *Indian Queen* led me to suppose that the 'competent' tenor soloist was Duncan Robertson. It is in fact Bernard Baboulene.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,451 Set by Barbara Smoker

The usual prizes are offered for an epitaph in four lines of verse on: a dead end, a drowned sorrow, a lost cause, eaten words, a stifled yawn, a still-born venture, a demolished argument, an exploded superstition, a vanished waistline, or a conquered vice. Entries by December 31.

Result of No. 1,448 Set by Alexander

The War Office is about to carry out a survey of soldiers' opinions about the Regular Army. Competitors are invited to present the views of one of the following men-at-arms: Ancient Pistol; Uncle Toby; Mulvaney, Ortheris or Learoyd; Colonel Bramble; Captain Basil Seal. Limit 100 words.

Report

Not many competitors paraded on this occasion but their turnout was of high standard: hard work and a liberal application of blanco had given a brilliance to their pastiches and a fine edge to their wits. Only the Basil Seal squad was suitably sloppy, receiving not even a mention. The inspecting officer dropped an encouraging word in passing to P. W. R. Foot, Bevis, G. J. Blundell, V. Langton, H. Hardman, and D. McRitchie before pinning two guineas on to Guy Hadley, a guinea each to J. E. Hinder, J. A. Lindon, Vera Telfer, and A. M. Sayers.

ANCIENT PISTOL

Pish, pish, there's a jugged Hare in these amalgamating Sandys. To eat regular and get drunk in all seasons. . . . To be paid regular, but suffer no stoppage for rape. . . . Even to take the field regular, while enduring only the injuries of Venus. . . . Why, coddikins, if this be your Regular Army, enlist me *presto.* But to wear computers instead of cold steel? To trade my breastplate for some corset against foul fissionable infection? Never. Then would my honour be despoiled, my martial spark dissolve, and proud Pistol be nought but a scullion in a regiment of boffins.

GUY HADLEY

What, wouldst question a soldier, bawcock? Have at thee, for an egregious, meddling kite! Draw! Perdy, when that I followed old Sir John, God rest his soul, he would none o' your pensions, I say, nor your welfare, I say; no, nor your comforts, pauca! More sack, I say, and let us lie o' nights in the ditch, for a pox on your bed-linen, I say, and the plague take your alla carty and let there be no man among us but is an old, foul campaigner, I say! Draw, thou radish! (*Draws and retreats speedily into cookhouse.*)

J. E. HINDER

UNCLE TOBY

. . . the book parades a regular army of faults, said Dr *Slop*, which – The only faults which I have ever been able to discover in the Regular Army, quoth my uncle *Toby*, ringing for *Trim* – here my father gave a groan – lie in the matter of fortification. For I consider it a serious defect that the parapets of a hornwork in particular should not be faced with gazons, which deal with balls harmlessly, instead of with the present stone, whose chips inflict such grievous wounds in the groin of friend or foe alike. And the poor fellow blushed crimson.

J. A. LINDON

MULVANEY

Jine the Army and see the wurrld, is ut? An', whin you're seein' ut, you're livin' like bloomin' Harkangels, waitin' for your C'missions. Wud you be askin' is ut better or worse than the ould days? I culd tell you the both av ut. Ye won't have a divil like O'Hara but you won't have the frinds like Learoyd and Ortheris. It's thrue that you've Canteens wid food fit for Orf'cers and your wireless but you'll niver know ivrything about the rig'ment the way we knew it. You'll niver slape wid the scum of the earth nor wid the salt nayther. But you're no lamb-like, bleatin', pick-me-up-and-carry-me bhoys. So take my wurrd for ut that you'll give the Quane as good sodgers as her grandfayther's granny had.

VERA TELFER

If ut's army condishuns you'd be enqhirin' about, sorr, Oi would say that, apart from bed-bugs, mhoskheetoes, the unrhaisonable sergeants, the thievin' quartermhasters, the senseless p'rades, the crazy manœuvres, the considerable danger to loife and limb and the atthrocious quality of the rations and the native beer, a career in the British Army is about the foinest vocation a man uv jhudgment and spirut can underthake.

A. M. SAYERS

City Lights

Compliments of the Season

And what will the City find in its stocking this Christmas? Well, there is stock exchange business, at its lowest for five years. There is the queue for dollars – France debating whether an IMF loan paid in driblets is compatible with national honour, Britain getting her IMF overdraft renewed and wondering whether postponing her $190m Christmas present to North America for forty years will cause people to think that dollar stocks are a safer investment than gilt-edged. There are the latest trade figures (this 'dramatic improvement', according to Sir David Eccles) to confirm the fact that exports are tailing off and that almost the whole of their growth this year has been due to higher prices. There is the US business situation, which looks less festive every week. And there is the general feeling in the West of passive frustration in the face of governmental incompetence, which is bad for business as well as for bombs. This year, at least, the City can afford to spare a kind thought for the simple-minded people who want nothing more than an immediate improvement in their standards of living. Happy Christmas, Mr Krishnamachari. Prosperous New Year, Mr Cousins.

* * *

People are laying up tankers all over the place; Gel Tankers, undeterred, means to raise £4.3m in the market in February. You may not have heard of Gel. It became a public company recently, and the main thing we know about it is that it has permission from the Treasury to borrow £4.3m from the public. But there are two other companies, registered in the Bahamas and associated with Gel through its managing director, which have assets of their own, equally intangible perhaps but more interesting – a number of tankers on order, though not yet apparently paid for, and a charter arrangement for the first when it is delivered in two years' time. The Gel group, as we may call it, has announced that it hopes to raise $36m of loans on these tankers in the US and come to London for its £4.3m in February.

The issue is the stuff of which punters' dreams are made – tankers, Bahaman subsidiaries, take-over bids, convertible debentures. And so it should: it was Gel, after all, that recently announced its intention of investigating the possibilities of nuclear, submarine super-tankers. But the Stock Exchange will have to sanction the issue, and it is not inconceivable that the Stock Exchange may think £4.3m a lot of money for a company whose assets are of an unusual kind.

* * *

An opening premium of 7 on an application price of 10 makes a quick profit of 70 per cent: there were £675m of applications for BP's £41m issue, and the underwriters can congratulate themselves on their just assessment of the risk involved. The company rationed out the loot in the fairest way it could think of. BP shareholders, owning 18 per cent of the shares, were given 18 per cent of the new stock; Burmah shareholders, since their company did not apply, were given their company's 26 per cent of the new stock. The remaining 56 per cent, representing the government's share in BP, was rationed out among the general public. You see the justice of it? Burmah Oil, entitled to valuable rights which it did not wish to take up, passed them on to its shareholders. The government, in the same position, passed its rights on to the public at large – to those members of the public, at least, who had money enough and experience enough of stagging to fill in the appropriate form.

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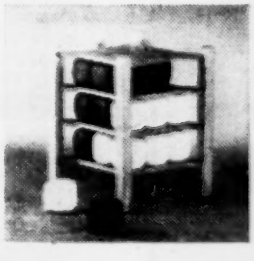


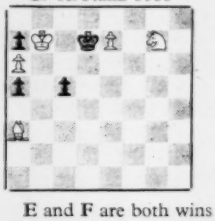
The Chess Board

No. 423. A Pretty Sight

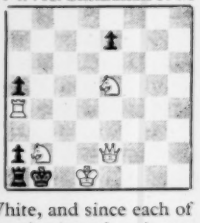
If it didn't sound a bit too pompous for my liking, I might have headlined this piece "Faith, Hope and Love," this being the author's own title for **A**; anyway, it does look prettily enough like a Christmas Tree, thereby providing whatever seasonal connotation may be required. Moreover, this pretty frame harbours a lot of chess, four problems to be exact. It is a mate in 2 as well as a suimate in 2 for both White and Black and just according to who of them moves first. In rating each of those 4 problems 2 ladder-points I hope to be far from miserly, and I feel quite generous in offering 6 points for **B**. / 3K4/ b3Kt1 BP 1kt6/ 5Pp1/ 3P2P1/ P1P1P3/ 1R1Kt1ktrq/ 2Q5/. I have put this in Forsyth to save the space of a diagram and to spare myself the embarrassment of making it all too glaringly obvious that the Black K is missing. That K, I am sorry to say, got somehow mislaid, and the problem is to find him the proper place for White to inflict a mate in 2. While such carelessness may be excused by the holiday turmoil, the proposition of **C** may well seem so inexcusable to law-abiding chessplayers that I can but hope they will accept my bribe of 7 useful ladder-points. White, I almost blush to say, proposes to take back his last move and, instead, to make a better one; a much better one, to be sure, for it is a mate on the move. Having stooped to disentangling such painfully irregular goings-on, competitors will be glad to earn an honest 8 points by solving an honest problem such as **D**. No bargain that, I am afraid, for the author considered it one of his more difficult pieces. It's a suimate in 7, and a very ingenious one too. For the uninitiated I had better explain that what matters for White is to commit suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him in seven moves.

A: C. A. Gilberg 1911

C: A. Nanz 1911

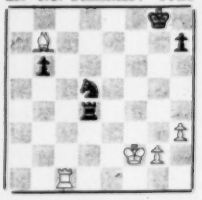


D: W. A. Shinkman 1904

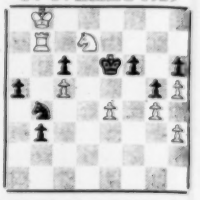


E and **F** are both wins for White, and since each of them rightly ranks among the classics of endgame literature, I suspect that our more erudite competitors are well aware of them. As for those who have to sweat out the solutions, 8 points each may be the fair rate for the job when considering the inflationary tendency of holiday weekends. Usual prizes. Entries by 30 December.

E: M. Kaminev 1925



F: F. Lazard 1929



REPORT on No. 420. Set on 30 November.

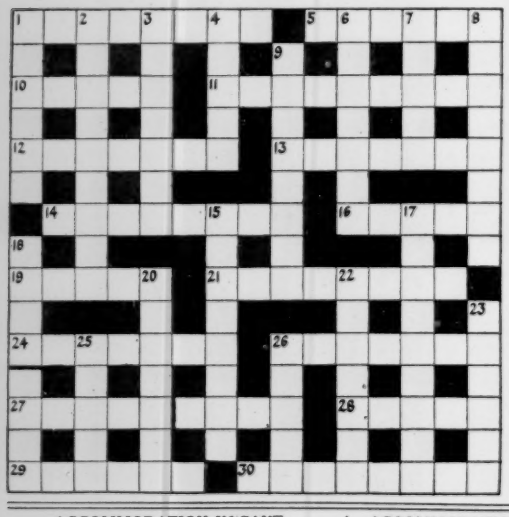
A: (1) . . . R-R4!; (2) BxR, P-Kt4: (3) BxR, QxB! etc.
B: (1) P-R5, B-B1; (2) K-Q5, B-R3: (3) P-Kt5 ch!, BxP; (4) K-K4, B-R5; (5) K-B3 etc.
C: (1) B-Kt5, P-Kt6; (2) R-Q2 ch, K-R8; (3) P-B7!, RxB (best); (4) P-Q, R-Kt8 ch; (5) R-Q1, R-Kt7; (6) Q-R3 ch, R-R7; (7) R-Q2!, RxQ; (8) R-QKt2!, R-R7: (9) R-Kt1 mate.
If (7) . . . P-Kt7 ch: (8) QxP, RxQ; (9) RxR, P-R6; (10) R-Kt1 ch, K-R7; (11) R-Kt8, K-R8; (12) K-B2, P-R7; (13) K-Kt3 etc.

Many dropped a point or two over **C.** Prizes: I. Avinery, K. Beaumont, W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, B. Katz. Equally flawless: M. P. Furmston, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 282

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 282, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 31 Dec.



ACROSS

1. The detective nips back into cover (8).
5. Load for a broadcaster (6).
10. The country is surrounded by sober confidence (5).
11. Farm rates vary as transport charges (9).
12. Practical advertisement in which the pages give a false impression (7).
13. This book gives a French lesson about the team (7).
14. Leave makes one roll up before one should almost (8).
16. Dresses parts of the ship (5).
19. Reveals the inside of a duck with feathers on (5).
21. The dwelling-place would be easily managed if half mine were not included (8).
24. More pungent place? (7).
26. Colour like mother embracing the one who acts (7).
27. First idiot (5, 4).
28. I had backed nothing for the state (5).
29. Excellent place for train-spotting when we are in school (6).
30. Back room for boffins to record a military machine (8).

DOWN

1. It is fatal to place any obstacle in front of Henry (6).
2. 'With uncouth rhymes and shapeless —— deck'd' (Gray) (9).
3. The fresh hearing comes up afterwards about the taxation (7).
4. Passé but apparently a favourite with the boys (5).
6. Starved about nine and so unsettled (7).
7. 'With eager thought warbling his —— lay' (Milton) (5).
8. If there were no letter, inquisitiveness would be no transgression (8).
9. Just the politician to give a welcome to the bogus (8).
15. The one who loses the fight may be grounded (8).
17. Clear sand is used for these timers (9).
18. In this team the left-half has left and the right-half says farewell (4, 4).
20. Free although at first caught in the entangled toils (7).
22. Don who has to deceive a politician (7).
23. Religious building with a deity in the middle (6).
25. Northern document about gold standards (5).
26. Place in which an animal takes charge (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 280

C	H	A	R	C	O	A	L		S	W	A	M	P	S
A		U		A		L				I		I		L
D	E	S	C	R	I	B	E		E	N	I	G	M	A
G		T		P		A			D		R		P	
E	V	E	R	E	S	T		D	A	S	T	A	R	D
R		R		T		R		I		O		I		A
			S	H	O	E	S	T	R	I	N	G	S	
O		B				S		S			E		H	
B	E	A	U	T	Y	S	L	E	E	P				
S		L		E		E		M		R		B		V
C	H	A	S	S	I	S		I	S	O	L	A	T	E
U		N		S				N		U		N		R
R	A	C	K	E	T		B	A	N	D	A	G	E	S
E		E		R				T		I		O		E
D	I	S	M	A	Y		R	E	F	E	R	R	E	D

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 280

F.B. Potter (Bristol), Mrs Ethel Laburn (Blairgowrie), Mrs N. Doncaster (Castleford)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

CLEAVER Sq. Furnished room. 10 mins. Charing X. Suit prof. woman. Box 7073.

ST. JOHN'S Wood. Large top furn. room, kitchenette, h.c.w. £2 pw plus two evenings' care children 11 & 7. Box 7065.

BED-sit. room, large, comf., quiet house, Hampstead Gdn Suburb. SPE. 7684.

CONTINENTAL Guest House, with proprietor supervising personally. Single, double rooms, full or partial board from 5½ gns. 60 The Avenue, Brondesbury Park, London, NW6. WIL. 6387.

HIGHGATE. Attractive furn. flat suit 2 bus. people. 5 gns. Mon. 3676.

CANONBURY. Attractively furn flat for 1 person. Sit-rm, bedrm, kit & bath. Convenient bus route. 6 gns. Box 7131.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sitting room. Hanover Gate, Regents Park. AMB. 3320.

W1. Charming, sunny room for professional lady. Use kit., con. hot water, service. 4 gns. Refs. Box 7139.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

ARTIST wishes to rent or purchase lge. studio with living accommodation. Derelict factory or stables considered. Box 7098.

GLASGOW. Music-lecturer (M.) seeks furn. accommodation, fairly central position. Piano welcomed. Early January. Box 7046.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

MINIATURE Peke sks 1 lge rm, furn./unfurn. Cent. Lond. for self, yng cple & grand piano. Kit., bth, phone. 3 mths adv. rent avail. Ring Erith 6514 or Box 6958.

YOUNG Docto seeks small s/c unfurnished flat London area. Box 7112.

CHEERFUL Helper washing-up/baby-sitting, BA Oxon, advertising trainee, seeks board and lodging London at reas. charge. From Dec. 31 till late March. Box 7106.

ART teacher reqs. unfurn./part-furn. room Kensington area. Box 7160.

LADY reqs. pleasant room; own water; part-furnished preferred. Box 7114.

YOUNG prof. man reqs. cent. furn. flat, pref. self-cont., easy reach Waterloo and Senate House. Privacy, kitchen, book-space essential. Reasonable rent. Box 7036.

MOBILE Interviewer, fond her own furniture, needs large room, use bathroom, kitchen, as week-end base. Main line essential, coast preferred. Box 6964.

EDINBURGH. Tchr. m. wants warm rm. w/without board Jan.-June in reach Lauriston Pl. Garage wd. help. Box 7134.

PROPERTIES WANTED

COTTAGE/Flat for man and wife wanted, Chiltern dis., winter months. Box 6968.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

DEVON (15 miles Exeter). Comfortable cottage in pleasant village (2 rec., 3 bed., bath.), but needs decorating. Main elec., water, drainage. Garden. On bus route. £1,200. Rendells, Auctioneers, Chagford, Devon.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs Dickin, 17a Hermitage St, Crewkerne, Somerset.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., NW8. MAI. 3030.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

SCHOOLS

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

SCHOOLS—continued

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

RARE BOOKS

Opportunity occurs for those experienced in all spheres of the rare book trade to join new firm. Excellent prospects. Please write in confidence giving particulars of experience, age, present salary and type of post required to

Box 7118

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments covering a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In Biological subjects the number of vacancies is small; individual vacancies exist in the Natural History Museum for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in, taxonomic entomology, palaeontology. The Royal Naval Scientific Service require a Scientific Officer (male) for the National Institute of Oceanography to work on oceanic Cephalopoda; and a vacancy for a Metallurgist (Scientific Officer) has arisen in the Royal Mint. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or be otherwise qualified by high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must also have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1957 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: Minimum £1,190 (women £1,098). Men's scale maximum £1,410. Scientific Officers: Minimum £635. Men's scale maximum £1,110. Women's pay above £635 slightly lower but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. 5-day week, generally. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W1, quoting No. S.53/57 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/57 for Scientific Officers. Application forms should be returned by 31 December, 1957.

BBC requires Producer, Natural History Unit, West Region. The Unit based in Bristol, will provide the main output of wild life and naturalist programmes in Sound and Television. Duties, under supervision of the Senior Producer, consist primarily of preparation and production of Natural History programmes in Sound, but there will be opportunities for Television work. Knowledge and qualifications in Natural History field, particularly ornithology, a considerable advantage, and experience in preparation of film sound tracks an asset. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.422, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Senior Assistant in Russian Service (British Subjects). Essential qualifications include a working knowledge of the Russian language and of Soviet and international affairs; an ability to plan programmes and, especially, to manage and work with staff of various kinds and to promote the efficient operation of the Service. Duties include the selection and editing of political and other programmes and, generally, the interpretation of Britain and the West to a Soviet Russian audience. Salary £1,325 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,705 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.456, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

FITZWILLIAM Museum, Cambridge. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Assistant Keeper in the Antiquities Departments. Stipend according to qualifications on the scale £850–£1,100 × £50, with contributory pension under FSSU, and family allowance. The post will preferably be held in the Egyptian Department, but may be held in the Greek and Roman Department; the duties will include supervision of both Departments. Seven copies of applications, stating age, qualifications, and giving the names of three referees, should be sent to the Director, from whom further information may be obtained, by 1 February 1958.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Appointment of Child Care Officer. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the full-time post of Child Care Officer on the Staff of the Children's Officer. Salary: APT.1, £575 to £725 per annum. The post offers valuable experience in all aspects of work for children deprived of a normal home life, including boarding out in the City of Leicester and the surrounding County, adoptions, preventive work and some Court work. The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Acts, and to a satisfactory medical examination. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date 3 January 1958.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Designer, Television Service, in London. Work calls for creative ability of a high standard. Candidates must have professional experience, preferably in the television, film or theatre world. Quick and accurate drafting, knowledge of scenery construction and the handling of contracts and accurate colour perception essential. Based Shepherd's Bush, but work elsewhere as required. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope quoting ref. G.458 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

CENTRAL Office of Information. French and Spanish – Part-time Translators required, working in mother tongue only, for translations from English into French and Spanish, covering wide range of topics. Good sense of style and extensive vocabulary essential; some experience of high-speed translation desirable; ability to type essential. Apply by letter stating age, quals. and exp. to – Manager, Ministry of Labour and National Service, Atlantic House, Farringdon St, EC4 (quoting P.E.3328). Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Applications are invited for a Senior Lectureship in the department of Economics. The salary scale is £1,200 × 50 – 1,500 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 p.a.). Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom the general conditions of appointment and information about the work of the department of Economics should be obtained) not later than 31 January 1958. An additional copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Aylesbury Secondary Technical School (Headmaster: E. B. Eaton). Required as soon as possible male graduate to teach Science and Mathematics to Ordinary level of the General Certificate of Education. The post will be graded on Scale 3 and will carry an allowance at the rate of £75 per annum. Salary will be paid in accordance with the appropriate Burnham Report. Further details and forms of application may be obtained from the Headmaster, Walton Road, Aylesbury, to whom completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible. Previous applicants need not apply.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Brunel College of Technology, Woodlands Avenue, Acton, W3. Required for January 1958: Part-time Teacher of English to conduct discussion groups on 'The Use of English' with graduate science and engineering students on two or three half-days a week. Enquiries and applications to the Principal before 31 December 1957. C. E. Gurr, M.Sc., Ph.D., Secretary to the Education Committee.

EXPERIENCED teacher of Shorthand and Typing required, West End School. Ability to teach other commercial subjects an advantage. University education appreciated. Box 7090.

READING Education Committee Child Guidance Hostel, 2 St Peter's Hill, Caversham. Resident Woman Assistant required in January. The hostel accommodates twelve children (girls and boys) who attend local schools. It is administered in co-operation with the Child Guidance Clinic. Salary scale: £370-£440 per annum, less £116 per annum for board, lodging, etc. An additional payment may be made for approved qualifications. Forms and particulars may be obtained from Dr Ella Ward, Child Guidance Clinic, 27 Kidmore Road, Caversham, Reading. Completed applications must be returned to Dr Ward within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. P. S. Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Blagrave St, Reading.

MIDDLESEX County Council—County Health Department: Psychiatric Social Worker, for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service, reqd. initially in West Central Division, Southall. Good office accommodation and clerical assistance available. Position offers scope and interest in this field of Psychiatric Social work. P.T.A. quals. and salary. Established, subject to medical assessment. Prescribed conditions. Car allowance considered. Apply stating age, quals., experience and names of two referees to County Medical Officer, (Ref. 'S') 3, 5, & 7, Old Queen Street, Westminster, SW1 by 25 January (Quote W.645T) Canvassing disqualifies.

RESIDENT Supervisor required for Working Boys' Hostel. This post offers unique opportunities for useful work with adolescent boys. Write for further particulars and application form to the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester; to be returned by 30 December 1957.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRITISH Council requires as Head of Introduction Courses Unit, London, man aged 25-40, pref. with some exper. of overseas people, to organise Courses in London for newly arrived overseas students. Starting salary up to £655; scale maximum £1,050. Write, quoting D7/57), and enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope to Director, Personnel Department, 65 Davies St, London, W1, for further particulars & application form to be returned completed by 6 January, 1958.

COLONIAL Assistant. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Commonwealth Section of the Labour Party. Some knowledge of colonial affairs and research experience desirable. Salary £635-£690. Application forms, which are obtainable from Mr. Morgan Phillips, Secretary of the Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1, should be returned, together with specimens of written work, not later than 15 January 1958.

BIOLOGICAL & Medical Abstracts, Ltd., invite applications for the post of Editor of International Abstracts of Biological Sciences. Applicants should possess a University Degree in one of the biological sciences and should have had previous experience of editorial or literary work. The editorial office is situated in London and the editor will have the assistance of an Editorial Board of specialists. The post is pensionable, and the salary offered will be commensurate with qualifications and experience. Applications, giving full information, should be sent to F. A. Robinson, Hon. Sec., Biological & Medical Abstracts, Ltd. c/o Allen & Hanburys, Ltd, Ware, Hertfordshire.

SOMERSET County Council. Children's Committee. A married couple is required to take charge of a new small family home for six/eight children at Yeovil. The wife will receive a salary in accordance with the scale for resident housemothers, viz. £400 × £20 to £480 p.a., less £116 for board and lodging, and the husband, who will be expected to follow his normal employment, will receive free board and lodging. Experience in the residential care of children is essential, and possession of the Home Office Certificate – Residential Child Care, will be an advantage. Further details and application form may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton.

PORTMAN Clinic, 8 Bourdon Street, W1. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker. Clinic deals with both adult and child delinquents and character cases. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with 2 recent testimonials or names and addresses of 2 referees to reach Secretary by 7 January 1958.

FULLY qualified Family Caseworker required for expanding and progressive department. Salary up to £700, according to experience. Applications stating qualifications, experience together with two testimonials and one referee, to The General Secretary, Sheffield Council of Social Service, 78-80 Surrey Street, Sheffield, 1.

ASSISTANT Housemother urgently needed for small Mothercraft Training Centre in Dundee. Write Box 6965.

PERSONNEL Officer (Male Assistant) age 22-25 years required by large tobacco manufacturers in East London (near Liverpool Street Station) must have completed recognised Course in personnel management although practical experience unnecessary. Keen interest in sporting activities essential. Apply Box 7093.

LANCASHIRE County Council. Librarian required at Prestwich Hospital (Mental), near Manchester. Salary £575-£725. Librarian will be required, if necessary, to undertake and/or organise educational activities for the patients. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians or holders of equivalent qualifications in Education or Social Science. Appointment superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application (with 2 testimonials) to the County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, by 28 December 1957.

SISTER, SRN, required in January for unusual work in Home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10 within easy reach of Central London. Candidates must have had good residential work with children. Applications to Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further partics. obtainable.

BI-LINGUAL French-English shorthand/typist required for office of Jewish organisation in Westminster. Pleasant working conditions. 5-day week. Pension & bonus schemes in operation. Telephone for appointment between 9.30-5.30, WHI. 7971.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN, thirties, science graduate, chartered librarian, seeks remunerative post away from academic fringe. Widely read, experience of industrial, research, publishing milieus. Responsibility welcomed. Box 6961.

SMART, intelligent, exp. private Sec. Sh/T., in ad. & com. world, int. in press & publishing, world affairs, writing, journalism, etc. Not less than £11 10s. pw. Offers to Box 7079.

YOUNG writer, London, seeks employment. Any kind allowing sympathetic contact with people, especially adolescents. Box 7089.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, etc., but equally, fields such as Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range of £1,000-£1,800 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships), or within the range of £1,850-£2,250 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent by 15 January 1958, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained, and who will be pleased to answer any inquiries regarding scope of the Fellowships.

NUFFIELD College, Oxford. Research Fellowship in Industrial Relations. Applications are invited from men or women graduates for a Research Fellowship in Industrial Relations. The Fellow will work within the field of collective bargaining and wage studies. The appointment will be for three years in the first instance. Further particulars may be obtained from the Warden. Applications should reach him not later than 10 February 1958.

NUFFIELD College, Oxford. Research Fellowship in Politics. Applications are invited from men or women graduates for a Research Fellowship in Politics including political and social theory, comparative institutions, constitutional law, public administration, international affairs, recent political history, etc. The appointment will be for three years in the first instance. Further particulars may be obtained from the Warden. Applics. should reach him by 10 Feb. 1958.

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